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# L·W·L LIFE

DECEMBER · 1926

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

VOLUME XII · NUMBER 2

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THE STUDENTS OF THE LICK  
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## DEDICATION

...

To the modern American  
boy and girl, to whom are  
intrusted the ideals of  
the nation in future  
years, we dedicate  
this book



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## In Memoriam

♦ ♦ ♦

*Maud Alice Maia Tibbetts*

Wife of Sidney A. Tibbetts

*Born, June 13, 1877*

*Died, June 19, 1926*

♦ ♦ ♦

*Gerald Gary Hughes*

Member of 29-X Class

*Born, April 13, 1910*

*Died, October 25, 1926*



# Faculties

GEORGE A. MERRILL, B. S. .... *Director*

## LICK

BRUNO HEYMANN, M. E., DEAN. .... *Mechanical Drawing*  
 CLARA BOEKE, Ph. B., M. A. .... *English and Latin*  
 STELLA BOULWARE, A. B. .... *Freehand Drawing*  
 RALPH H. BRITTON, A. B. .... *Physics*  
 PAUL N. CHENOWETH. .... *Machine Shop*  
 GRACE MENG, A. B. .... *English and Latin*  
 SIDNEY A. TIBBETTS, B. S. .... *Chemistry*  
 AGNES WOOD, A. B. .... *Algebra and Geometry*  
 AIDA B. PATTERSON. .... *Recorder*

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 E. R. BOOKER, A. B. .... *Geometry*  
 LESTER S. HOLMES. .... *Cabinet Making*  
 FRED H. MIGHALL. .... *Stonework*  
 F. E. PEIFER. .... *Auto Mechanics*  
 GEORGE F. WOOD. .... *Plumbing*  
 EVELYN M. WOODLAND, B. L., M. L. .... *History and English*  
 HAROLD N. WRIGHT. .... *Electrical Work*  
 GLADYS E. BUCK. .... *Recorder*

## LUX

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 ALMA BOEKE, Ph. B. .... *English, Typing, Store Accounts and Economics*  
 MILDRED N. CARROLL. .... *Health and Hygiene*  
 ALTA M. CLARK, B. S. .... *Science and Mathematics*  
 MARY L. CRITTENDEN. .... *Dressmaking*  
 VIVIAN M. ELLSWORTH, A. B., M. A. .... *Chemistry*  
 CLARA L. FASSETT. .... *Interior Decorating and Furnishing, Commercial Art*  
 MARY A. FRASER, A. B. .... *Co-ordinator, Merchandising and Salesmanship*  
 MARY ELEANOR HUGHES. .... *Drawing and Commercial Art*  
 LILIAN JOHNSON, B. S. .... *Cooking*  
 ELEANOR J. JONES. .... *Sewing, Costume Design*  
 AUDREY V. MIGUEL. .... *Millinery*  
 EVELYN M. SINCLAIR, B. A. .... *English*  
 GERTA L. WOODRUFF. .... *Institutional Management*  
 MARTHA G. WICKERSHAM. .... *Recorder*

## Mr. Merrill's Message



GEORGE A. MERRILL

The changes of the curriculum that have been put into effect at the Lux School during the term now closing mark an important step in the progress of the three schools. Even though the beginning of the new work has been principally at Lux, nevertheless, it is a definite movement in the direction of the new viewpoint and outlook from which all the work of the three schools will be planned for many years to come. It is not intended that all the contemplated changes will be made at once; on the contrary, the transition from present status to the new curriculum will have to be made slowly, because we are so closely linked with the San Francisco Public Schools, from

which we receive most of our students, and the public schools are not getting along as fast as they expected in organizing their system of junior high schools. Until the number of junior high schools is sufficient to accommodate most of the ninth grade pupils of the city, we must continue to admit pupils from the eighth grade.

In January, 1927, two sections of boys will be admitted at Lick and Wilmerding, and two sections of girls at Lux, totaling fifty boys and fifty girls. The same numbers will be admitted in August, 1927, but beyond that time no definite announcement can be made at present. Meanwhile, however, the new policy, adopted six months ago, of admitting a limited number of applicants by transfer from other secondary schools will be continued, but until we can turn over to the junior high schools our first-year and second-year work, we cannot do any work of junior college grade, which would require the addition of two classes higher than our present senior class.

Notwithstanding this delay in our plans for a junior college, we shall proceed with the introduction of the "co-operative plan" under which students in the various industrial departments will spend part of their time in commercial establishments, and the instruction given in the school will be closely related to the outside work, and reinforced by it.

At the Lux School the new course of store service is well under way, using the co-operative plan, and the instruction in English and Science during the third and fourth years is being adapted to the various lines of employment for which the girls are being prepared.

Numbers of boys, also, have been working in outside establishments, from the electrical and art departments and from the drafting room. As the Lick and Wilmerding courses of mathematics, science, and drawing are already well related to mechanical and technical courses, there has not yet been any need for radical changes of the school program, but nevertheless, as the proportion of time spent in outside establishments increases, the reaction on the school is bound to be stimulating and to make the instruction in the academic departments more practical than ever.

*Farewell!* a word  
that must be~  
and hath been  
A sound which  
makes us linger  
yet farewell!





THELMA THOMAS  
FRANCES SHEPARD  
ERNEST SEIMER

GEORGE DRAKULICH  
EVELYN PEARCE

GEORGETTE KEATING  
LEONARD LAUSTEN  
THORWALD JOHNSON





VERA HOCKETT  
DORIS JAMESON  
JOHN DONOVAN

JOHN HURLEY  
HELEN MANN

FRANCES HORGAN  
EDWIN LANGE  
WALTER ANDERSON



MARY HOPKINS  
NORMA MATLI  
PAUL BRAUN

DAVID BARR  
JOSEPHINE SMITH

WILNA SPRAGUE  
MARTIN GUTTMANN  
DAVID DRESBACH



HENRY GREENHOOD  
JOSEPH MULLER  
MARION RICH

CATHERINE MCKENDRICK  
EDWARD REILLY

SALVADOR LASTRUCCI  
CLARICE BUHMAN  
ELSIE NORTON





HELEN BOTEY  
EUGENE SULLIVAN  
EDITH MERWIN

RAYMOND FREY  
RUDOLPH SCHMIDT

GEORGE DUBKOFF  
GEORGE MCINERNEY  
ANNA MILLER





JENNIE STANSKY  
NORMAN PHILLIPS  
AMBROSE LEGNITTO

ALFRED SCHLUMBERGER  
MARY BAKER

GENEVIEVE HILL  
LOUIS PACELLI  
CLYDE STEEL

# A Drama of Four Years, in Four Acts

## ACT I



CROSS the threshold march the freshmen, with solemn face and shaky hand, bearing the remains of their grammar school days. But soon the deceased life of grammar school is forgotten; mourning is laid aside, and they enter a gay whirl of parties, luncheons, rallies. The curtain drops all too soon to indicate the lapse of two months' vacation. When the scene again opens, it is August, and the Dramatis Personæ are "elevated scrubs" displaying a talent for patronizing condescension toward the new troupe just entering.

## ACT II

Three booths occupy prominent positions on the stage. In the first is displayed the printing press from which copies of the "Hitchin' Post" are being distributed. Directly opposite is the open Forum, where the championship debate is being held. In the background is a beautiful table of silver and green, decorated in honor of Saint Patrick. Close by an orchestra is playing enchanting music, to whose strains couples are swaying rhythmically.

## ACT III

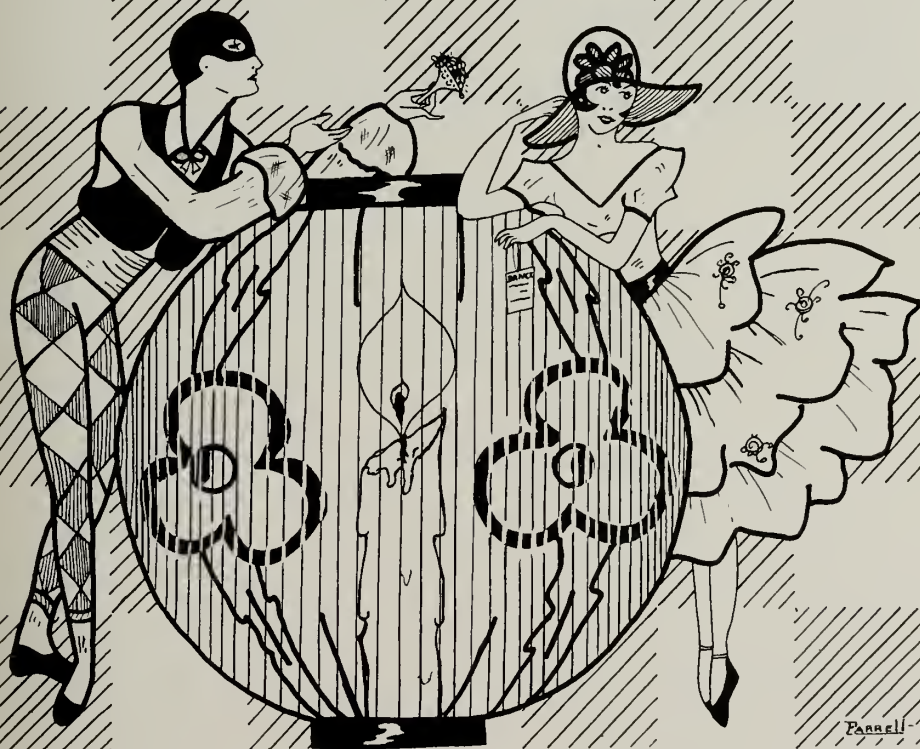
By this time a number of the students have drifted out the side entrances, leaving little over half of the original cast. Those remaining have become closely united, and have formed a lasting union. Since the first act, many new performers have come upon the stage, and the most recent of these are now being entertained. The greater part of the stage is given over to this performance, which is entitled the "Junior-Freshman Picnic." The most beautiful scenery imaginable has been secured for the production; green fields shaded from the warm spring sun by groves of leafy trees, beneath which some of the actors are engaged in divers games. Here several are still enjoying their delicious lunch; yonder group is in the midst of an exciting game of baseball; across the field a desperate tug-of-war is being waged. Slowly the sun sinks and the stage is deserted.

## ACT IV

The last act surpasses all that went before. First we have the tableau of the senior-alumni reception. The next scene reaches heights of artistry and drama; colorful costumes, inspiring music, and a fitting name—the "Senior Dance." The curtain is raised on an enormous desk displaying the announcement, "Your LIFE is out today." This is followed by the skit known as the "Final Rally." We might almost call this the greatest scene of all, with its plays within a play, its songs and dances, if it were not followed by the supreme climax—Graduation! That must be left to the imagination, for no tongue, no pen, can fittingly describe it. And so we leave the stage, and the curtain falls.

Activities are  
best which give  
the greatest  
happiness to  
the greatest  
number . . .

ILL







<i>Editor, Lick</i> .....	WALTER ANDERSON
<i>Editor, Lux</i> .....	VERA HOCKETT
<i>Manager, Lick</i> .....	EDWIN LANGE
<i>Manager, Lux</i> .....	JOSEPHINE SMITH

ALBERT BORGWARDT	ASSOCIATE STAFF	HELEN NORTON
DOUGLAS THOMPSON		JULIA CARLSON

SCHOOL NOTES	CLASS NOTES	LITERARY
E. REILLY	H. GREENHOOD	G. MCINERNEY
A. BORGWARDT	JULA SAMUELY	E. HAAS
CATHERINE MCKENDRICK		WENDELA HAWKINS
ATHLETICS	JOKES	ART
H. NICHOLS	J. MULLER	D. THOMPSON
F. OLMO	CAROL BERG	J. PETERSON
NORMA LASTRUCCI		MARTHA SAUER

SNAPSHOTS: S. LASTRUCCI



## Editorial

Lives of all great men remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time.

—Longfellow.



As each senior class reaches the end of its four happy years at school, a thought of the future begins to fill its members' minds, as they look forward to "beginning life." But in the corner of each mind there is always the wonder: "Have I made the best of my education?" "Have I been a credit to my school?" "Will I be remembered?" And as we, the 26x Class, take the final stride toward the goal of achievement, we wonder what the impression of our last footprint will be.

We have passed the final milestone of our journey, and we leave this journal to our school as an image of that footprint by which we will be judged. The events of the school year on which the foundation of this Life has been built have inaugurated a new regime for the Student Body. The new plan of study at Lux, and the victories of our teams on the athletic field, have been uppermost in the minds of the students. To bring these topics together in our "Life" with any unity, the closest co-operation among the members of the staff was imperative. The necessity was realized at once, and the response was so gratifying that we feel that everyone should know that if our journal has been a success, it has been made so by that spirit of co-operation. And we may say that this last of our footprints, is not of our making alone. It would have been but a shallow impression without the guidance of the faculty and the loyal support of the students. It is not the work of a single class, but of the school in its entirety. It is not the journal of a single class—it is the L-W-L journal.



## Appreciation

The Editors and Managers wish to express their sincere appreciation and thanks to the entire "Life" staff. They have aided admirably in the work of compiling this book. To the various members of the Faculty who have helped and given valuable suggestions in our work, we also extend our thanks.

Too much credit cannot be given to Mr. E. J. Gerlach and Mr. H. A. Walls of the H. L. Beck Printing Company, the LaFayette Studio, and the American Engraving and Color Plate Company. They have worked with us to present to you a complete and representative Lick-Wilmerding-Lux Life.









## Lick President's Message



ANOTHER term has passed and I hope that it has been as successful to the student body as it has been beneficial to me. I believe that the past term has exemplified the always predominant Lick-Wilmerding spirit, which has won our schools so much renown. The decreasing number of students in the student body has very little affected the wonderful co-operative and "do or die" spirit which is shown in all our activities.

Our athletic teams, without exception, have unconsciously exhibited the rare quality of determined temperament which has justly won much praise, and our student body activities have been marked by their appreciative atmosphere.

My success as student body president is entirely due to the spirit of co-operation which is steadfast in the faculty and among the students, to whom I wish to extend my deepest regard and appreciation.



## Lux President's Message

**T**IME flies. I have often heard people quote these two words, but I never realized their full significance until this last semester. Four years ago 26x entered Lux as trembling Freshmen, and now we will leave. All our happy hours spent here will be sweet, precious memories in our lives.

This last semester has been a great joy to me, because of the co-operation of the Student Body, and the never-failing help of the Faculty, headed by Miss Otto. When help was not required materially, it was most assuredly present spiritually.

The term was started with a formal rally which included the initiation. Of course the Freshmen were our guests of honor. They responded in spirit so splendidly that they were immediately made part of the "family." Many successful activities have followed, and the social program for the semester is credited with much success, as several joint affairs seemed to be especially enjoyed by the Student Bodies. "The Youngest Dryad," sponsored by the Forum and Glee Club, was delightfully handled at Lux.

As President, I wish to thank sincerely every member of the Student Body for her co-operation, and Miss Otto for her wonderful help and inspiration.





## Lick Board of Control



HE Lick Board of Control passed a very busy semester, and accomplished a large amount of work. The representatives of the various classes were Braun, 26x; Daniel, 27J; G. Hurley, 27x; Grillo, 28J; Keating, 28x; Sherbakoff, 29J; Keldsen, 29x, and the Senior Advisor, H. Nichols, representing 30J.

President Lausten called the first meeting to order on the ninth of August. At this meeting, McGowan was elected secretary of the Student Body, and Drakulich was elected football manager. At the second meeting, Dutcher was elected assistant custodian and H. Nichols was unanimously elected vice-president of the Student Body. The subject of discussion at the third meeting was the budget, which was presented by Mr. Heymann. Rodgers was unanimously elected yell leader, and Skinner was elected basketball manager upon the resignation of Gilmore. The budget was again the center of interest at the fourth meeting, and it was definitely settled within the limits of the school treasury.

The Honor Medal Committee, composed of the low senior Board member, Daniel, the high junior member, G. Hurley, and the low junior member, Grillo, was authorized to decide upon the member of the high senior class who is worthy of receiving the medal.



## Lux Board of Control



THE Lux Board of Control consists of the Student-Body President, Vice-President, Faculty Advisor, Class Presidents, and a representative elected from each class. The Board has many powers and duties, some of which are to propose amendments to the constitution; to control the Student-Body finances; to elect a Secretary for the Student-Body; and to make and amend Rules and By-Laws for the governing of the Student-Body and the Board of Control.

Under the able supervision of Miss Ellsworth, our efficient Faculty Advisor and Student-Body Treasurer, the Board has had a very successful semester. At the first meeting of the Board, Mildred Wickbom was elected Secretary of the Student-Body. The Board also elected a new Associate Editor for the "Life," Helen Norton. At a later meeting a new amendment concerning athletics was added to the constitution.

The members of the Board were: Clarice Buhman, Student-Body President; Sara Addleman, Vice-President; Thelma Thomas and Mildred Wickbom, 26x; Lois Detjen and Esther Kelly, 27J; Margaret Baker and Ellen Buhman, 27x; Viola Young and Doris Priddle, 28J; Ruth Carney and Frances Lewis, 28x; Ruth Jacobs and Adelgundë Busse, 29J; Beatrice Springer and Celeste Legnitto, 29x, and Margaret Wilson and Elizabeth Patterson, 30J.



THELMA THOMAS  
LOIS DETJEN  
MARGARET BAKER

T. JOHNSON  
J. NICHOLS

N. FEDELI  
E. TROWBRIDGE  
VIOLA YOUNG



## Lick Class Notes



THE 27J class, under the leadership of Fedeli, began their Senior year. The success of the class luncheon and various other activities is due entirely to the interest displayed by the fellows in their efforts to keep 27J in the lead. The officers who successfully co-operated with Fedeli are Temby, vice-president; Daver, secretary; Reid, treasurer; Schreiber, sergeant-at-arms; Daniel, Board of Control member, and Cope, yell-leader.

The 27x class has done much to make the social life of the school a success. During the course of the semester the class had a joint luncheon, known as the "Nutty Luncheon," as nuts were featured. Many of the fellows have supported the football team and have plenty of "fight." The officers were: Trowbridge, president; Jacobs, vice-president; McGowan, secretary; G. Hurley, Board of Control member; Dutcher, treasurer; Skinner, yell-leader, and Sanders, sergeant-at-arms.

The 28J class has been put on a firm foundation by the guidance of Jack Nichols. Other class officers are Patterson, vice-president; Magilligan, secretary; Abbott, treasurer; Smith, sergeant-at-arms; Grillo, Board of Control member, and Harris, yell-leader. The class was well represented in all athletics. The Junior-Freshmen Picnic at Mr. Mighall's was a success, and we wish to thank all the teachers for their help.

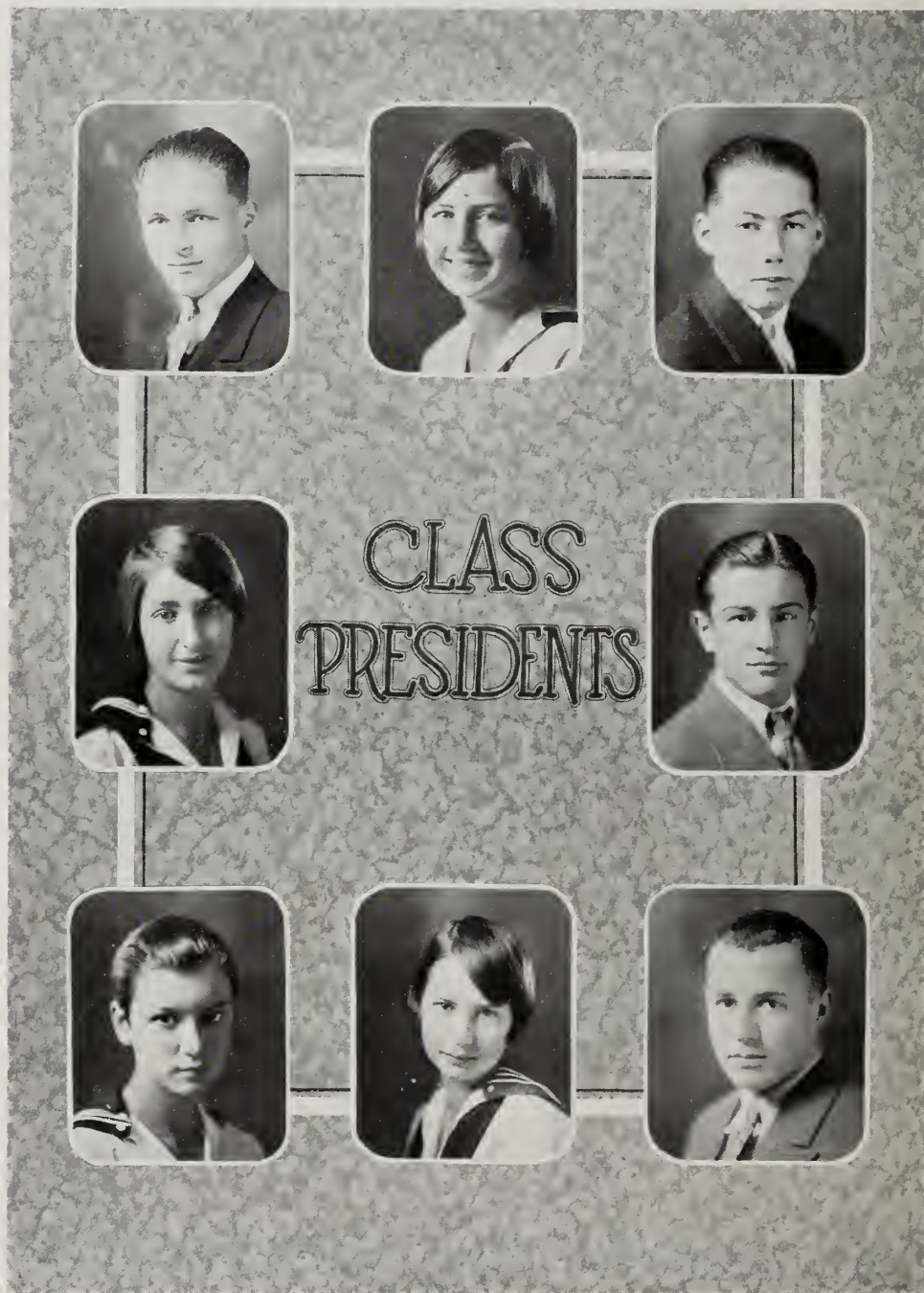
The class of December, 1928, has finished its high sophomore term with Wise as president. On the third of November the class had a most enjoyable luncheon. During the course of the semester many members of the class have turned out for the various sports. The remaining class officers were Seitz, vice-president; Mollison, secretary; Castelli, treasurer; Carroll, sergeant-at-arms; Keating, Board of Control member, and Radetich, yell-leader.

Due to the able leadership of President Irvine, the class of 29J has enjoyed this term. The social features of this term consisted of a joint class meeting and a luncheon. The other officials this term were Attinger, vice-president; Meisel, secretary; Hundley, treasurer; O'Keefe, sergeant-at-arms; Sherbakoff, Board of Control member, and Braunagel, yell-leader.

The class of 29x has had the following officers this term: President Taylor, Vice-President Goodman, Secretary Winter, Board of Control member, Keldsen; Sergeant-at-arms MacDonald, and Quierolo, yell-leader. Toward the beginning of the term a luncheon was held at Lux and was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone.

The members of the 30J class have started their high school career. Under the guiding hand of Harry Nichols, the senior advisor, the class has learned the essentials of self-government. The semi-annual Junior-Freshmen Picnic was enjoyed by all, and the class wishes sincerely to thank the 28J class. The other class officers were: Vice-President Spear, Secretary Hamerslag, Treasurer Tonelli, Yell-leader Hawkins, and Sergeant-at-Arms Wilson.





R. WISE  
RUTH JACOBS  
BEATRICE SPRINGER

RUTH CARNEY  
JULIA CARLSON

V. IRVINE  
E. TAYLOR  
H. NICHOLS

## Lux Class Notes



Did you ever hear tell of a senior class with a junior's aptitude, a sophomore's appetite, and a freshman's antics? That's 27J. The class of the green and gold took second place in both swimming and basketball; had a joint luncheon; issued a Tiger's Tale; and put on several stunts at rallies. In fact our officers, Lois Detjen, president; Rosamund Thorup, vice-president; Cecilia Detmer, secretary; Dorothy Noce, sergeant-at-arms; Esther Kelly, board of control member, and Julia Samuely, yell leader, haven't missed a trick.

Basketball champions! Yes, after a hard fought series of games 27x managed to scale the glorious heights of victory. Having staged a clever play and a most successful class luncheon we feel that our officers deserve a great deal of praise. We therefore offer a vote of thanks to Margaret Baker, president; Charlotte Madden, vice-president; Eleanore Canavan, secretary; Ellen Buhman, board of control member; Assunta Grasso, sergeant-at-arms, and Frances Nettle, yell leader.

Wr-r-r-r down the highway to Mighall Manor. That's where 28J welcomed the freshmen and introduced them into the social life of the school. Our officers, Viola Young, president; Frances Farrell, vice-president; Verna Selmer, secretary, and Doris Priddle, board of control member, have put over a Hallowe'en luncheon and presented a snappy play, "The Rehearsal," to the student body.

Bang! "Will the meeting please come to order!" says President Ruth Carney, as she tries to subdue the high spirits of the 28x Class. Secretary Hazel Ayer, reading the minutes of the previous term, announces that our officers, Myrle Wright, vice-president; Frances Lewis, board of control member, and Augusta Mathewson, sergeant-at-arms, co-operated very successfully with the president in giving a joint luncheon and dance.

We have an actress in our midst! 29J is certainly proud of Alice Luthi, our talented performer who this term presented several monologues and took the title role of "The Youngest Dryad." The rest of the class showed its acting ability in presenting "A Royal Tragedy in Two Acts." President Ruth Jacobs, Vice-President Grace Both, Secretary Margaret Appleton, Sergeant-at-Arms Suzanne Daley, Board of Control Member Adelgunde Busse and Yell Leader Alice Luthi, kept up the pep by holding a joint meeting and luncheon.

The 29x Class cannot be suppressed. We're on our way "up the ladder." The outstanding social feature of the term was a joint luncheon. Our star, "Trudy" Horgan, and our flashy team won the swimming meet. Considering that this is our first term of self-management, we think that our class officers, Beatrice Springer, president; Florence Phillips, vice-president; Analouise Turner, secretary, and Dorothy Lockwood, sergeant-at-arms, deserve great credit.

Reports are flying around the school that for a freshman class, the 30J has outdone itself. Our senior adviser, President Julia Carlson, has given us a firm foundation and we have proved our athletic prowess in basketball. So L-W-L Student Body,—"Watch Our Dust!"

## Camera Club



HENRY KRUGER

With Miss Boulware's advice and care, the Camera Club has had a most interesting and encouraging term.

Besides the regular work of taking, developing and printing pictures, enlarging and learning the latest methods of photographic art, there were lectures and demonstrations at each meeting of the club. This work lead up to the semi-annual exhibit of the work of the members in which there are some very fine pictures of well-chosen subjects.

In addition, the club members have visited the International Exhibit of Photography held at the Palace of the Legion of Honor, several commercial photographic concerns, namely, the Bear Film Company and the Owl Drug Company plants.

With the valuable addition of an auto-focusing enlarging camera, the members of the club are doing some very fine work.

The officers of the club are: Kruger, president; Franceschi, vice-president; Mollison, secretary; Dunstan, treasurer, and Austin, sergeant-at-arms.

## Hicabo Club



FLORENCE TAYLOR

The Hicabo Club recently enjoyed its second "Semi-Annual Luncheon." Its success was enhanced by the gaily decorated tables, and by the presentation of a very clever stunt.

The total success of the club this year was due to the untiring faith of the officers. The presiding officers were: Florence Taylor, president; Doris Priddle, vice-president; Elizabeth Loofboorow, secretary and treasurer; Julia Samuely, sergeant-at-arms. The leaders of the section were: Anna Mikelly, president of the hiking section; Lema Mae Doty of the camera unit, and Norma Lastrucci of the botany group.

Many hikes and outings were planned, but had to be called off because of the rainy weather and the numerous school activities. However, in spite of the inactivity of the club, the members have had a thoroughly enjoyable and happy semester. The officers and members wish to take this opportunity to express their thanks to Miss Fassett and Miss Clark for their ever-needed assistance to the club.



## Orchestra



CURTIS KLOPSTOCK

The orchestra is that hard-working organization in which the boys try out their new "fiddles and flutes." Day after day those low moans and funny gurgles that constitute modern music can be heard issuing forth from the top floor of the Wilmerding Building where the orchestra practices. This daily practice enables the orchestra to furnish the music for the dances and rallies.

This term, due to the acquisition of new members, there has been a great increase in the volume of sound. The fear has been expressed that the Wilmerding Building will not stand the severe vibration.

The young artists who make up the orchestra are Santina and Engel, violins; "Kurt" Klopstock, violin and saxophone; "Stan" Klopstock, banjo; "Red" Dresbach, trombone; Bolton, traps and drums; Goodlive, clarinet; Eichorn and Sanders, piano, and Patterson, Haynes and Madleros, saxophones. Mr. Britton deserves much credit for the success of the orchestra, and it may be mentioned that he can "tickle the keys" when he is called upon to do so.

## Radio Club



ROY HUNDLEY

Under the sponsorship of Mr. Booker, the Radio club has progressed this term by leaps and bounds. The transmitting and receiving sets have been reconstructed, and they are now as good as any on the Pacific Coast. The club has derived great satisfaction from communicating with numerous distant stations both inland and on the coast.

The code class is learning its "dots and dashes," and soon many of its members will be full-fledged operators. A great deal of satisfaction was derived from the broadcasting of the Big League games by the loud-speaker in the Lick court. This was primarily due to the efforts of Mr. Booker and was greatly appreciated by the student body.

The officers of the club were: R. Hundley, president; J. Donovan, vice-president; J. Ashbaugh, secretary; P. Baader, treasurer; E. Seimer, sergeant-at-arms.



## Lick Glee Club



JOSEPH MULLER

The members of the Lick Glee Club have been practicing very hard, early and late, in order to entertain the student body at various school functions. Mr. Britton, in his capacity as faculty advisor, accompanist and instructor, has been putting the boys through their paces. Practically all the rallies have been enlivened by the "Harmony Hounds." A new school quartet has been formed and it has pleased the student body by singing in the intermissions between dances at Merrill Hall. The members of this quartet are: Ambrose Legnitto, first tenor; Joe Muller, second tenor; Doug Thompson, first bass; Pete Santana, second bass. The other members of the club are: Morten

Hocker, second tenor; Ed Haynes, second tenor; Rand Temby, second bass, and Perry Wood, first bass. Joe Muller was elected president and he has handled the business of the club in a very efficient manner. Mr. Britton deserves a great deal of credit for his work in developing the voices of our song-birds.

## Lux Glee Club



SARA ADDLEMAN

This term the Lux Glee Club, with the aid of the Lux Forum, presented a play, "The Youngest Dryad," in the park adjoining the school.

The scene opened on a group of dryads welcoming their one day of freedom, May Day, with a dance. The older ones admonished their youngest sister not to forget to return before the close of the day. This scene was interrupted by singing heard in the distance, and country lads and lasses rushed in to crown their queen of the May, while a chorus of merry villagers sang and danced to the piper's music. The Youngest Dryad fell in love with the piper and seemed to forget all else. But as the last shades of day closed

in about her she remembered her promise and returned to her sisters among the trees. The following were members of the cast: Alice Luthi, Youngest Dryad; Vera Hockett, piper; Ellen Barsotti, Queen Bess; Madlyn Pierson, Dick; the country lads and lasses and the dryads were members of the Glee Club and Forum Club.

The Glee Club has practiced several numbers for the Commencement exercises and hopes to give several numbers at the rallies next term.

## Lick Forum



AGNES WOOD

During the last semester the Lick Forum has been a most important and interesting part of the life of nearly all the officers of the various classes and organizations. Meetings have been held, and different matters of importance to the student body have been discussed. Miss Wood has acted as chairman at these meetings, with the assistance of W. Anderson, who was elected secretary. All Forum meetings were conducted strictly according to Parliamentary Law, and much time was expended in instructing the officers of all the classes and organizations in their respective duties.

Among the subjects discussed were the following: the various types of dancing noticed in the Merrill Hall; the correct attire for school functions; the best way of organizing the Lick rooting section when Lick plays the second game in the afternoon during the football season, and the advisability of having the rooters purchase black and gold caps or "beanies."

## Forum Club



CAROL BERG

When we come to the end of a perfect semester, we naturally think of the jolly good times we have had in the Lux Forum Club, under the capable guidance of our new officers, Carol Berg, president; Florence Taylor, vice-president; Mary Hopkins, secretary; Ellen Buhman, treasurer, and Dorothy Noce, sergeant-at-arms.

Due to the fact that one of our chief aims is to instruct the girls in Parliamentary Law, we have had some splendid drillings this semester. President Berg called upon several of the lower class presidents to conduct the meetings, going through all the necessary steps at all class and club meetings.

This semester the Forum presented, with the Lux Glee Club, a most delightful and novel play, entitled "The Youngest Dryad." The setting in a park among a grove of trees was both picturesque and beautiful.

We wish to take this opportunity to thank Miss Otto, Miss Fassett, Miss Sinclair, Miss Jones and Miss Carroll for their untiring efforts in our behalf. We wish everyone a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, with much luck and success for the coming semester.

## Swimming Club



FRANCES CANFIELD

Swimming at Lux is beginning to be one of the most prominent sports in the school. The credit for the enthusiastic interest which has been aroused in the student body is due to Miss Carroll, the advisor of the club. The classes in swimming, ranging from sixty to one hundred girls, practice every Wednesday afternoon at the "Y."

The Lux Board of Control, early in the term, took up the question of the "swimming awards." It was decided that the numerals, blocks, etcetera, should be given on the same basis as they are given for basketball and baseball. The question of the individual championship cup or class awards was left undecided, to be taken up again next term.

The club officers and members have worked very hard this term and deserve a great deal of credit. The officers for this term were: Frances Canfield, president; Esther Kelly, vice-president; Katherine Hallowell, secretary and treasurer, and Lillian De Hay, sergeant-at-arms.

The interclass swimming meet was very successful. The 29x class came in first; 27j class second, and the 29j class third.

The following girls took first place in the following events:

Adelgunde Busse.....	60-yd. back stroke
Gertrude Horgan.....	60-yd. free style and crawl
Ellen Barsotti.....	60-yd. side stroke
Grace Gray.....	Plunge for distance

## Tennis Club



LILLIAN DE HAY

The Lux Tennis Club, under the capable leadership of Lillian De Hay, president; Frances Farrell, vice-president, and Lesben Costalupes, secretary and treasurer, has been rapidly attracting the interest and attention of the student body.

From the present outlook, there is to be an exciting as well as skillful tournament quite soon. Viola Young will have to fight hard to keep her title from her rivals.

In spite of the fact that the club has been handicapped by not having the use of the school court, nevertheless, the members have been training on Golden Gate Park courts. The courts in the park have been decided upon as the scene of the tournament.

## Pen and Ink Club



GRACE MENG

This Christmas, the Pen and Ink Club is closing its first year of existence. For an institution in its infancy it is thriving in an excellent manner, and may be said to accomplish more work than any other club in the school. The membership has increased from twenty, when the club was organized, to a total of thirty at the present time. This is the first club open to both girls and boys, and the Lux representation is rapidly increasing.

The chief purpose of this club is, of course, the study of journalism, and what is more natural than it should take a leading part in the production of a school paper? During October of last year the old class papers were consolidated into a new and better publication, the "Tiger's Tale." This paper is edited by the classes in succession, a system which retains the spirit of class rivalry and also imparts to the paper the generality of student body control.

In the composition of this paper the Pen and Ink Club has done its best work, as practically all the articles published in it are written by the members of the club, and most of the work does devolve upon it. As a result of this direction, the "Tiger's Tale" has assumed a high standard, which is rising with each issue. There have been four editions published this term, and a football extra was also put out before the Lowell game. This extra was given a warm reception and did much to raise enthusiasm for that important event. The appearance of this paper during the first week of each month is beginning to be regarded as a pleasant tradition, and one from which we will not soon depart.

Although the normal work of the club has been greatly interrupted by the work done for the "Tiger's Tale," the students have had a very interesting course in journalism. The principles and applications of journalism have been studied. As a consequence, the articles submitted for publication have attained a higher tone than they previously exhibited.

In its present status the club has no need for numerous officers. To Miss Meng we owe the success we have had in all our undertakings, and we extend to her a vote of thanks for the wonderful help she has given us. The only office is that of secretary, which has been capably filled by West. Rixon, 27J, has acted as special correspondent for The Daily News.

It is planned, if possible, before the close of the semester, to visit an engraving plant, and to follow this trip by one to a newspaper establishment. These trips give the members a deeper insight into the actual production and publication of a city paper than they can otherwise obtain. They also help in the realization of the difficulties attendant on publishing of a paper of any kind.



## School Notes

### STONE SHOP



SCRUBS may come and scrubs may go, but the stoneshop goes on forever. Mr. Mighall is rapidly initiating the freshman into the mysteries of the stonemason's art. Besides learning how to slap bricks into place, the freshmen do all the odd jobs about the school. This term they spent much time finishing gate posts near the Lick Building. Between periods they took time out to throw mortar at passing seniors.

### WOOD WORK SHOP

This is the second rung in the ladder of fame. Under Mr. Holmes' direction, the high freshmen are learning to make joints and do other exercises. They also find time to meddle with the various machines. Contrary to current reports it was found upon investigation that no one's head had been amputated by the circular saw. The chief need this term seems to have been for security and privacy, numerous doors and cabinets of various kinds having been made.

George Hurley, the "Iron Man" of the football team, spends his extra time in this shop meditating on the most modern methods of cracking our opponents' lines in future games. Evidently the shop atmosphere is conducive to destructive thinking.

### SHEET METAL AND ELEMENTARY ELECTRIC SHOP

The greater part of the world's supply of solder is used in this shop. Burned fingers are the most common injuries. Mr. Wood has a large group of amateur sheet metal workers, plumbers and electricians under him. The plumbers spend their time threading pipes, learning that there is no such thing as a left-handed monkey wrench, and making needed repairs in the school buildings. The sheet metal workers are slowly conquering the difficulties of their trade, and the electricians are getting acquainted with the most efficient methods of house wiring.

### AUTO SHOP

The Auto Shop is also directed by a new instructor, Mr. Peifer, who is very efficient. The shop has taken on a new, more orderly appearance. New equipment has been added, making the shop better able to do first class work. Along with the practical work of overhauling and repairing automobiles, there are now two theory classes in Ignition and Mechanics. These courses should aid the apprentices in getting more than the bare essentials of their trade. Much creditable work has been done this term in the way of overhauling and repairing.

### MACHINE SHOP

The Machine Shop, under the guidance of Mr. Chenoweth, a new instructor, is fast developing some capable machinists. The sophomores and juniors are wondering if it is within range of human capabilities to make the six sides of a rough iron block true and square. Do not fret, little men; others have wondered and worried before you. The more experienced apprentices are learning the care and use of the lathes and other power driven machinery.

### ELECTRIC SHOP

All's well in the electric shop. So far no one has grabbed the business ends of any high voltage circuits. Under Mr. Wright's direction, the apprentices are learning the different methods of house wiring and the construction and uses of such electrical appliances as transformers, motors and generators. Intermixed with the practical work are classes in the electrical theory where the laws and rules of electrical action are explained. Much creditable work has been done around school which shows a practical use of what was learned in the shop.

### ENGLISH

The supposedly high and mighty seniors were tumbled from the heights when it was found that grammar was to be the main work of the classes this term. Many of the seniors are heard to make vague mumblings which sound like "transitive and intransitive verbs" and dangling modifiers and so on. With the instruction in grammar there was a parallel study of the classical English writers. Miss Boeke has worked hard to inspire a love of good literature in the students and deserves much credit. The lower classmen, under Miss Meng and Mrs. Woodland, are also having a mixed program of grammar and literature.

### TRIGONOMETRY

Under Mr. Booker's direction, the seniors are learning the Laws of Tangents, Cosines and Sines. Analytical "Trig" is interesting and requires an extensive knowledge of the other forms of mathematics. The students are developing a few laws of their own which are expected to be very startling.

### PHYSICS IV

Under Mr. Britton's guidance, the seniors are indulging in an interesting course in light and sound. Besides learning accepted theories, the fellows are evolving a few of their own. It is rumored that H. Nichols and J. Muller intend to publish a text on Physics. Newton, Galileo, Copernicus and a host of others are destined to fall by the wayside following this publication.

### CIVICS

Mrs. Woodland's civics classes are inquiring into the "whys and wherefores" of American government. A series of weekly reports have kept the students busy over week-ends. It is very remarkable to see the seniors come out of an apparently sound sleep and answer questions almost correctly. This happens often on warm days. The latter part of the term has been devoted to the intensive study of the government of California and its subdivisions.

### MECHANICAL DRAWING

The Mechanical Drawing department has numerous inspiring draftsmen. Large classes of lower classmen toil daily over geometric drawings and projections under Mr. Heymann's direction.

There are many apprentices both in Architectural and Machine Drafting. When not drawing skyscrapers and mechanical wonders, they discuss school affairs which they thrash out to their own satisfaction.

## FREEHAND DRAWING

The Freehand department, with Miss Boulware in charge, is progressing well. The young artists, starting with simple object drawing, are given a comprehensive course in pencil rendering, crayon and water color work and poster work. The apprentices continue in pen and ink, wash drawings and commercial art. The architects are learning the classical models and styles of architecture.

## CHEMISTRY

The Chemistry department is intact. Aside from the breaking of a few hundred test tubes, affairs have been peaceful. No explosions have occurred, and no one has been gassed. It is said that Lambert, Greenhood, Drakulich, Legnitto and Schmidt are a group of very brilliant young chemists. They are working now on cement and soil analysis.

Besides the apprentices, Mr. Tibbetts is instructing the lower classmen in elementary chemistry. The structure of matter, the replacement table, names and symbols of elements are the hurdles which these classes must pass.



## Lux Notes



AS the little old lady sat gazing at the dying embers, memories of the gay days of her youth came floating back to her. She was aroused from her reveries when her grandchildren came rushing in.

"A story, Grandmother," they called in unison, "a story!"

They clustered about the fire before her, their faces shining with eager expectation.

"What kind of a story shall I tell you, my dears?" she queried, gazing at them with a tender, loving look.

"Oh, tell us about your happy school days, Grandmother," said Yvonne, the eldest of the children, as she stirred up the fire.

The quaint little lady adjusted her shawl and began the story, proud to think that her grandchildren enjoyed the stories of her bygone youth.

"Back in the year 1923," she began, "I entered the Lux School of Industrial Training where I spent the four happiest years of my life. This school was endowed by Mrs. Miranda Wilmarth Lux for the purpose of training girls to be better home-makers. From the moment I first entered the doors of Lux, I felt the warm glow of the spirit that prevails over the school.

"In my freshman year my classmates and I started our sewing course by making gay colored cretonne sewing bags. The bags were closely followed by dainty, hand-made sewing aprons. And then we were ready to learn the gentle art of dressmaking from a to izzard. Our first real problem was a lovely set of lingerie, and when these were finished I made the blouse that you have seen many times in the attic, beside my "Girl Grad Book." I was taught to make a bed just as I have shown you, Betty and Yvonne, and I have kept my house neat and efficient ever since, just as I learned to in the housekeeping course.

"Upon being elevated to the sophomore year, we were taught the fundamentals of economy by remodeling discarded garments into useful stylish gowns. But this was not all that enhanced the importance of this term. We created dress designs in drawing that were the envy of the school. To complete our costumes we resorted to the millinery room for our inspiration, and the result of our pilgrimage there was nothing short of marvelous. We were soon making hats for the entire family, and were kept busy by the orders we received from our friends.

"Now, my dears, by the time we reached our junior year, our fingers had become inexpressibly nimble. I do not believe that the fairies' dainty hands could have so well adapted themselves to the needle and thimble. Because of this we were allowed to make a set of the daintiest and tiniest garments imaginable. I wonder if you can guess what they were? Yes, Betty, I thought you would know—they were baby layettes—and such layettes! Each little garment was a masterpiece—filmy laces, exquisite embroidery, and handmade throughout—fit for the daughter of a queen. The designs for every costume that we produced in sewing were created and drafted by our own fingers. How proud we felt and how superior! But of course this superiority could be accounted for. We had started the engaging and difficult subjects of Algebra, Latin and Chemistry besides our other industrial studies.

"After a full year of this and with our superiority somewhat dampened, we embarked on the last year of our high school career. How soon it sped by! Every second of the time was taken up with sewing, millinery, art, senior service practice and the numerous school activities. Oh, the excitement and the great joy we had in making our graduation lingerie and dresses. They were exquisitely rich, made in the most beautiful and becoming styles possible. I wished that you all could have seen how charming they were in their finished form.

"During our last semester at school, new courses were installed, laying the foundation for a junior college. Many of my schoolmates majored in salesmanship and were given positions in the downtown department stores, where they worked for two-week periods during the year. Before long, business managers had recognized the superiority of our girls and were clamoring for their services.

"Finally the last few weeks arrived, and we were entertained by our dean, Miss Otto, in her beautiful redwood grove, where our class pennant still remains on our own sequoia. From then on, days passed like minutes, and soon our final rally arrived—our very last one. How gay it was, and yet—how sad. But longest of all will live the memories of my graduation night. I shall never forget the thrill of it, the proud moment when I held my diploma in my hand with the realization that I was now going forth into the world to conquer it. How excited and how happy we were and yet . . . "

The fire had died down again, and the dying embers cast a warm glow on the gentle old face. The sweet voice had ceased; the children slipped out of the room noiselessly and left Grandmother to dream of those precious fleeting moments of her youth.





GEORGE F. CARNEY

Editor of L. W. L. Life.

Friend:

When you first requested me to submit an article for your December issue of the Lick-Wilmerding-Lux Life, I was at a loss to decide on a subject that would be of interest to the Student-Body. The journal has always contained so many items of gripping interest to the students such as athletic events, short stories, and many notes on Student-Body affairs, that I felt that it would be impossible to contribute an article that would be worthy of the space it occupied. But as you pointed out to me, this offers an opportunity to acquaint the undergraduates with the activities of our Alumni

Association of which some will soon be members. Therefore I will try to outline a few of the most important events which have taken place during the Fall of 1926.

The first event, in September, was a dance at the Hotel Bellevue. The attendance was very small, but those that were present had a very enjoyable evening. Then we joined hands with the Student-Body and held the great Lick-Lowell Rally on Friday evening, October 22, in Merrill Hall and the big bonfire on the "Campus." It was an overwhelming success and I wish to thank the members of the Student-Body for their assistance in making the rally the wonderful success it was.

Then on October 20, an Ice Skating Party, something new in the Alumni activities, was held at the ice rink at the beach. The attendance was good, and while some complained of the ice being too hard (for reference, see those who attempted to skate on the ice for the first time) we all agreed that "a pleasant evening was had by all."

In November the Alumni had a dance honoring the L. W. Football Team. A sport dance it was called and rightly so, because a stranger looking in at the window would have thought that a fashion show of sport attire was in progress. This was the one dance that proved to be just the form of entertainment looked for by the undergraduates and permit me to assure the Student-Body that we will have more dances of this type.

As the Fall season draws to a close we are looking forward to the big Annual Reunion and Dance of the Alumni Association. This affair will be held at the Roof Garden of the Hotel Whitcomb on December 3, 1926. Every member looks forward to this event.

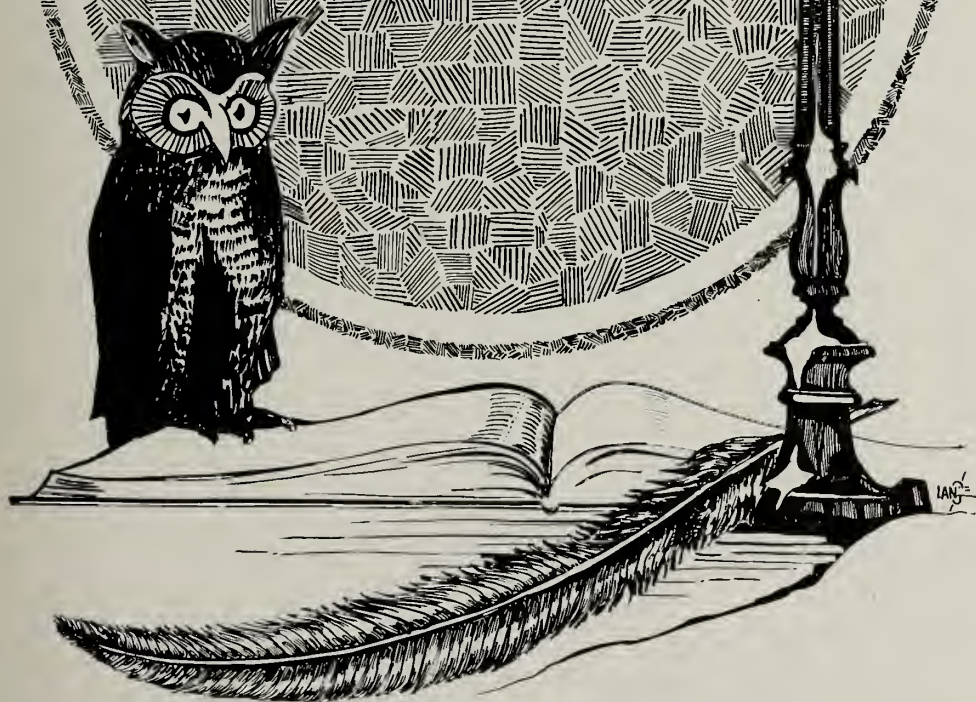
And now we have a new class graduating from the "old school." It is sincerely hoped by the Alumni Association that the class of 1926 will join us in a body and bring into our ranks the spirit they have shown during this four years at Lick, Wilmerding, and Lux.

GEORGE F. CARNEY,

President '18.

"Of all those arts in  
which the wise excel,  
Nature's chief master-  
piece is writing  
well." ~ ~ ~

*Buckingham*



# The Smudge

WENDELA HAWKINS, 28J.

**L**EWIS! Lewis! Oh—go on, Lewis!" A high, clear voice rang across the stadium, above all the other noise. Lewis, down on the field, heard and ran, the ball tucked under his arm. Line after line of white chalk flashed under his feet. A long, spontaneous cheer went up. He heard it and thrilled, and ran harder.

Then, a sudden hush. Before he looked, Lewis knew what had happened. Between him and the goal was a figure, poised for the opportunity to tackle. His steps slowed involuntarily in the instant that passed before his trained eye saw that—though the man before him was famous as a "demon tackle"—still, if he was not a demon runner as well, he could not catch Lewis if the latter swerved at the precise right moment. Lewis recovered his stride and ran on. His opponent was already lunging when he swerved—and was across the line! A great roar rose to the clouds. The game was won, for there were but a few seconds to play. Lewis trotted back to his comrades while the referee arranged the try for point. Larsen, the mighty Swede, kicked, and the ball sped up straight between the goal posts. Fourteen to twelve stood the score. A little desultory play around the center of the field and it was over. While the crowd went mad, the winning team slipped off the field.

Lewis, lying on a table in the gymnasium a few minutes later while the trainer kneaded his tired muscles, was unhappy even though his touchdown had won the first game of the season. He tried to put away the thought which bothered him, but it came back. He had been afraid—afraid of getting hurt! He was ashamed and angry.

Jimmy Lewis was beginning his third and final year of varsity football. That afternoon's game was the first in which he had starred. Last year, such giants as "Shivers" Tremore and "Aloha" Prentiss, Venables and Ross and Judson, had held the public eye and made Stanton invincible; but now they were all gone, and Lewis was the only one of the Old Guard left. Last year, they had won every game, and in the Big Game of the season their opponent, Carruthers, had not even scored. Would they win this year?

A very heavy burden of honor and responsibility rested upon the shoulders of the halfback-captain. He thought of it now. At any moment he might fail Stanton because of his cowardice! He knew it, and was ashamed of it, and yet was powerless to alter the ugly fact.

Lewis shivered. The trainer looked up at him mildly. "Sore?" he inquired. "I'll go gently."

## II

Two weeks later Stanton played Washington.

"Opening line-up. Pearce, Brent, Lewis, Kearns, Matheson, Smith, Larsen, Dion, Ferragut, Forrest, in your regular positions. Drew at left end." Coach Hughes was giving his final instructions. "Ferragut, don't be insulted if I take you out early. Your leg's still weak."



No need to give details of that unhappy game. Forrest's arm was broken in the first quarter, and Smith sprained his knee, but notwithstanding these handicaps, the score stood even in the final quarter.

A whistle. "Four, nine, seven, twelve, eight," called the quarter. A succession of passes. Then the ball was safe under Lewis' arm and he was running. It was his chance to redeem himself in his own eyes—and he failed. The players were too close, too busy, to notice, and the crowd was too far away. Coach Hughes, on the sidelines, could see and understand. Later he would be sorry for the boy, but now he was only angry. He remained so for the last ten minutes of play, and as the downcast Stanton team went in for their showers, he broke loose.

"Wait a minute, boys," he said. "I want to talk to you." They paused where they stood and turned toward him. "Most of you did your best today—all of you except one," he went on, seeming to weigh each icy word before he let it fall. "There is one man on this team who didn't do his best. He lost the game for us. He is a coward. It was his own fault and he knows it. His action today is a smudge on the honor of the school, a blot that can't be wiped out." He stopped, appalled at the result of his words. Lewis had turned first red and then deadly white. Hughes realized how each cold, bitter word must have cut the halfback to the very soul. "That's all," he said curtly. "Where's Edwards? I want to speak to him."

Lewis went slowly to the shower-room, trying to pull himself together. Young Kearns joined him.

"Gee! The old man's blazing," he said confidentially. "Wonder who he was talking about. It may be any one of us—you or me, perhaps!" He laughed rather shakily.

"No. It wasn't you," said Lewis quickly. "I watched you. You were doing your best all the time. Besides, didn't he say that the one who did it would know?"

"True enough," said the boy—he was just nineteen. "Say, you look sick. Did you get jarred?"

"Just a little," lied Lewis. "A bump on the head. The cold water will fix me up." But it would take more than cold water to remove the effect of Hughes' words. Lewis felt as if everyone knew his shame and was pointing him out as the coward who had lost the game for Stanton. An hour later he was gone. At dinner that night one of the waiters handed Hughes a note. "Mr. Lewis left it, sir. He said he couldn't wait. No answer."

Scrawled across one side of a sheet of note-paper was Lewis' goodbye.

"Dear Coach: You called me a lot of names, but all of them fit. They hurt, but I guess I deserve it all. What I've done once I might do again, so I'm going away. I couldn't stand meeting people, anyway. Morton ought to make a good half in my place. Goodbye."

'The Smudge.'

"Oh—my—God!" said Hughes aloud. "What have I done now?"

That night he sat for hours with one of his friends, the head of the Psychology Department, and—more important—a man who knew human nature.



"Do you think he's gone far?" asked the harassed Hughes.

"I do," said his friend. "You hurt him deeply. I don't think he'll come back.

"I didn't mean to do it!" Hughes was agonized.

"I know you didn't," said his companion crisply. "But it's done. How are you going to replace him?"

Hughes sighed and stared at the piece of paper that lay before him. "He suggests Morton for the position. Morton's good, though not as good as he was. But the team will fall to pieces. Who can take his place as captain?"

"Pearce? Kearns?"

"Not Pearce—no. Kearns is good material, but this is his first year on the team. . . . I earn my salary!"

### III

Lewis was gone. His cutdown had carried him a hundred miles by midnight, when he stopped at a nighthawk garage to get water. He drove on to the southward. The white road stretched beneath him, shadowy in the moon light. At last his eyes wearied, and things blurred before him. He twisted the wheel to the right and forced the little car up a bank into a field. There he stopped, and waited for the dawn.

When it came it found him asleep, stretched upon the stubble grass. He had thrown himself down, and lay staring at the stars till he slept. The sun in his eyes woke him. He sat up.

For a moment he was almost happy. Even when memory returned, he was no longer agonized. His brain was clear. "I can't go back," he said to the air. "I can't. I'll get a job somewhere. . . ."

A ranch gave him one, pitching hay. He labored strongly, but his heart was not in his work. He thought much. And in those days of self-imposed loneliness—for he was very alone, even among the dozen men who made up the ranch workers—he went through a soul-furnace that melted out the flaws in him and burned them away, leaving him unafraid.

Toward the end of the fifth week an old newspaper came his way. The colored sporting section slipped out and lay at his feet, its largely-blazoned headlines staring up at him. "Stanton Loses"—"Carruthers Wins." He read every word of those articles.

Since his flight, Stanton had played four games, and lost them all. "Since Jimmy Lewis' disappearance the team has fallen to pieces. The new captain, Dixon, is an excellent tackle, but is unable to hold the men together. Unless a miracle happens, Stanton will have absolutely no chance against Carruthers in the Big Game."

That night Lewis' cutdown once more put flying miles beneath its wheels. When, the next afternoon, Stanton kicked off to Harley, Lewis was in a seat on the Stanton side of the stadium, watching.

That game was a miserable one to Stanton supporters. Harley scored three times in the first quarter. The Stanton team's playing was half-hearted. Young Kearns, Lewis noted, did well, and so did one or two others. Dixon's playing was

fair, but he showed himself to be entirely without aptitude as a captain. Lewis groaned softly. His fault! All his fault! He cursed himself, remembering the magnificent playing that same team had done in the opening game of the season. It was too late now for him to go back, even if he dared. . . .

After the game was over, he was undecided. What should he do next? He knew what he wanted to do—he wanted to return, to have a chance to test his new-found courage! He wanted to smell the combination of dust and leather and feel the dogged pressure of a scrimmage, to know once more the exhilaration of a completed pass, or of a fine punt, which all are football. And yet, remembering the circumstances under which he had left, he hesitated.

He was saved the trouble of a decision. That evening, as he walked slowly along the street, looking up at the lighted windows of the frat-house where once he had been the most honored member, he collided with a man going in the opposite direction. They started apart, apologizing in the same breath. A window swung open above them, and the bright light shone down upon their faces. Lewis, catching his breath sharply, recognized Coach Hughes.

#### IV

Hughes, as he strolled along, had been thinking of Lewis. "If he were back—" he had said, half-aloud. "He could pull the team together—God knows they need it!" A coach does not love to see the team over which he has labored go to pieces through his own act.

Therefore, he was even more astonished than Lewis to see the halfback's pale face in the light. "Lewis!" he cried.

"Yes, it's I," said Lewis slowly. "Sorry to bother you. I was at the game, and thought I'd like to look around the campus before I—went back."

"Back where? You can't go! We need you!"

"It's too late," said Lewis.

"By Jove, but you shall stay, if I have to insult the President to do it!" exclaimed Hughes. "Come along with me." He looked again at the strengthened face, and laid one arm across the squarer shoulders.

About half an hour later Hughes, Lewis and President Oliver sat in the President's spacious library. No man knows all they said; but after Hughes and Lewis had told their stories, and gripped hands in promise of a lasting friendship, the President promised to have Lewis reinstated if it were humanly possible.

"You've done more for yourself than we could have helped you to in twice the time," said the President. "And if it's possible, you shall play in the Carruthers game next Saturday. That's what you want, isn't it?" He smiled.

"Thank you, sir," said Lewis, and could find no more words, though he was deeply moved.

When he came to football practice that next Monday afternoon, the squad was utterly thunderstruck. He was hailed as one risen from the dead.

Lewis took up his duties on the team where he had left them. The team ceased to be a group of players, and followed him as one unit. Even in practice, he played like a joyful young demon.

Then the Big Game day came. According to custom, the opening line-ups were published in all the local papers. Thirty thousand readers gaped to see the name LEWIS, J. (CAPTAIN), present on the list. Twice as many looked eagerly to see him as Stanton's black-jerseyed players trotted out on the gridiron. The stadium was packed, and cheers rose to the sky without a break.

Lewis shook himself out of his sweater and joined the others in warming up. On the back of his jersey was blazoned the number, 13, which by custom dating back twenty years, at least, to the greatest player Stanton had ever produced, belonged to the captain. There was a momentary pause on the Stanton side of the stadium, and the yell-leaders looked questioningly at each other. Then a megaphone roared to the rooters, "Six for Captain Lewis! Snap it out!"

"It's true, then!" thought the rooters. The odds on Carruthers dropped.

The game began. Hughes watched from the sidelines, rejoicing in the "pep" of his men—in the heads held high, the springy step, which meant perfect control. And Lewis! He was better than Hughes had ever dreamed of seeing him. He threw himself into the play with glorious abandon. Play by play, down by down, Stanton—Lewis—drove Carruthers back. It was slow work. Carruthers was a worthy opponent, and the teams were very evenly matched; but Stanton led. Both teams scored. The fourth quarter came. There had been no spectacular runs, such as attract the novice—only the finest kind of college football, played by two of the best teams in the country.

Three quarters of swift play will tire even good players. The level of the play sank a little in the last few minutes. But Lewis did not seem to tire. His playing shone the more now that the others no longer nearly equaled it. He had been carrying the whole team, though no one—unless, perhaps, Coach Hughes—saw it. He had held ten men at his finger-tips and drawn them ahead by sheer force of personality. Now he played for himself. He scored but once in that last quarter—but he was playing football that would be immortal. Cameramen blessed the day they were born, and strained every nerve to keep focused on him.

Then it was all over. A delirious mob of Stanton supporters poured onto the field and caught the team up on their shoulders. Finally, after many ecstatic minutes, the rest of the team insisted upon being let down and themselves seized Lewis. The dignified President of Stanton stood beside Coach Hughes and watched, smiling.

"Do you know, it's a funny thing, Lewis," said Dixon, from somewhere below Lewis' right shoulder. "You know, I inherited that jersey while you were gone. There was a big smudge of something—mud, or grease—across the back, partly covering the letters. I tried to clean it off, and I'm blessed if I could! But I looked just now and it's gone! How did you do it?"

"The smudge is gone," repeated Lewis softly. He turned and looked over the heads of the pushing crowd to two men who stood beside the Stanton subs' bench. "Cleaned off."

## Daniel Connelly: Reporter

C. PATTERSON, 28J.



It was Danny's second week in the Big City. He had come from his home in a small town nearly a hundred miles away, determined to become a newspaper reporter; but so far fortune was against him at every step. Time after time he had visited the city's newspaper offices, first asking and finally pleading for a job. Now was his last chance. The money that he had brought with him was nearly exhausted and if he did not soon succeed he would have to go home, defeated, to work in his father's shop. Defeated! No, that wasn't Danny.

He turned into the big building in which were the offices of the "Evening Star," a popular city paper, and climbed the steps to the editorial office. A large, red-faced man, whom he knew to be the Editor, sat at a desk with piles of paper before him. He did not notice Danny's entrance till the boy coughed, when he looked up quickly.

"You back again? I suppose you still want to take my place!"

"No sir. All I want is a chance to get on the paper as a reporter."

"Get on the paper—ha, ha! If there were a job—which there isn't—I'd give it to a man, not a baby."

"I'm nineteen, sir," retorted Danny hotly.

"Nineteen? Huh! You don't look it," said the Editor, and again, "What experience have you had—if any?"

"I reported for a high-school paper."

Deliberately, the Editor looked Danny over from head to foot, and laughed. "Well, you may as well go back and report for it some more. Now get—!"

The telephone jangled impatiently, and the Editor picked it up.

"Hello, yes. . . What's that? Talk louder, will you? You say the storm wrecked Gray City? . . . What? . . . Landslide across the road and railroad track? . . . My God! That's terrible! . . . I'll send someone right out. . . ."

He hung up and banged a button on his desk. An assistant entered.

"Get me Burke."

"Burke is out on the Dawson case, sir."

"Well, then, get Hennessy."

"Hennessy is covering that bootlegger story."

"Isn't there anyone around here?" demanded the Editor violently.

"No, sir."

Danny, unnoticed till then, leaned forward and exclaimed, "Listen! If I get that story and get it in before any other paper, will you give me a job?"

The Editor wheeled upon him. "Do you know anything about Gray City—how the land lies, and all?"

"I've been there twice, sir."

The big man jerked open a drawer and took out a reporter's badge and a blank pass. "Take these and rush out to the army flying field, where you'll find five re-



lief 'planes getting ready to start. They hop off in half an hour. Go with them. If you get a story I'll give you the best job in the place. Remember, speed is what counts. I'll hold the presses if necessary—but get the story in here if it kills you!" He caught up a pen and began to fill in the pass. "How do you spell your name?"

Danny made all possible speed to the flying field. It was his big chance—his last chance, too!—and he had to make good on this or fail forever. He'd do it!

When he arrived at the flying field the 'planes were already warming up, preparing to leave. He showed his pass and was told to put on a safety belt and climb into the first 'plane. Lucky—he would be first on the scene, anyway.

After everything was set, the 'planes took off one by one, and, after circling for altitude, pointed their noses southward.

Gray City was a fair-sized mining town, typical of the time, which had grown rapidly when great supplies of copper ore were discovered there. It lay in a box canyon surrounded on three sides by cliffs. The only entrance was on the fourth side, a narrow pass in the hills cut by a river. The recent heavy storms had started a slide which had blocked the pass and cut the town off from civilization.

They were descending into the canyon now, and Danny could already see the damage that the flood and slide had caused. Wreckage was strewn about the streets, houses had been torn bodily away from their foundations, other stronger buildings had sections of wall washed away by the tearing, sucking water. One whole section of the town was practically buried by the landslide, and those who were able were already digging frantically, searching for the bodies of victims.

As the 'planes circled for a landing, people gazed upward, pointing excitedly. Some even rushed toward the smooth field that was the best landing place for the 'planes and waited impatiently for them to descend.

Danny's 'plane was the first on the ground. Almost before it came to a stop he was out, hurling questions at everybody within hearing, but no one seemed to pay any attention, so intent were they upon the relief 'planes. Evidently there was no help here, so Danny hurried toward the center of the town, where he was fairly sure of obtaining news.

Almost the first man he stopped was the sheriff, who, after questioning Danny about the arrival of first aid, told him the story of the storm and flood. Danny pulled out a notebook and pencil, and the latter raced while he wrote down what the sheriff told him: how the telephone lines had been destroyed just after the call for help was sent through; how they had not been sure whether the call had gone through or not, and so sent out a party to get help; how the party had been caught in the avalanche and all perished except two. He directed Danny to a hotel which had been converted into a hospital for the storm's victims.

There Danny found many who were in a pitiful condition from the lack of proper care, as the medical supplies had run out early, and the only doctor was too badly injured to give efficient assistance. Danny secured lists of the dead and injured as far as they were known, stories of personal experiences during the storm, and more notes on the damage done, before he turned back toward the field where the 'planes had landed.

There he found two other reporters arguing with the captain of the expedition. "Can't you send one—just one—of your 'planes back with us?" they implored.

"I cannot," replied the captain. "My orders are to wait here until the next relief party arrives."

"How long will that be?" one of them asked.

"I don't know. Six hours, twelve, perhaps twenty-four." He turned away.

Twenty-four hours! Danny thought of the people outside, waiting for the report, and—but (proof of the reporter's soul) seeming to him less important—his job. He turned quickly and scanned the pass, half-blocked by earth and snow and wreckage.

"Do you suppose it would be possible to get over that pass?" he asked a man beside him.

"Possible? Well, nothing's impossible, they say. But I'd hate to try it, myself."

"I mean, do you think there might be a chance of doing it?"

"A chance—yes. One chance, in a million, if you kept to the upper edge of the slide. Why? Are you thinking of committing suicide?"

But Danny was gone, hurrying away toward the town. It was terribly risky—but there was one chance of doing it. He was going to get over that pass! He secured some sandwiches and slipped away up the wreckage-strewn road that led to the pass.

In some places the road was entirely washed away, and as he climbed higher it grew more and more dangerous, until he had to cross places where one misstep would send him down into the still raging torrent below. But it was his big chance, and he *had* to win. If he could get across, his paper would have the story, perhaps hours before the others. His paper! Already he thought of it so.

He reached the most dangerous point of all, perhaps one hundred yards from the top. Although he was above the main slide, at any moment he might start another, smaller, but equally fatal to him. That last hundred yards seemed to take an eternity. More than once he slipped back, once or twice losing more ground than he had gained in all the rest of his slow ascent. At last he reached the top. It had taken him more than four hours of steady climbing. He was nearly exhausted.

He sat down to rest, and eat some of the sandwiches. Ahead of him lay a descent nearly as dangerous as the ascent. As he finally rose to begin the downward journey, his ear caught the distant hum of an aeroplane's motor. Looking up, he saw three specks in the sky, rapidly nearing. The relief already, two hours earlier than the captain's estimate! His last hope seemed gone. The nearest house in sight was miles down in the valley, and by the time he reached it his rivals would be safely in the city with their story, the news that meant so much to him.

Danny started down the mountain, scarcely knowing what he was doing, so great was his disappointment. He slipped and fell, boulders and dirt rushing down after him, but he scarcely cared. He came to a ledge so narrow that he had to worm his way along on his stomach. Just as he felt himself safely across, and looked up

to see if there were any sign of the returning 'planes, the ground seemed to give way beneath him. It swept him down the steep slope, on top of another slide, which he had created.

Almost as suddenly as he had started, he was stopped by a solid wall. He lay dazed, scarcely daring to move, till the roar of the slide had died away. After a few minutes he cautiously tried to raise himself. A twinge of pain ran through his left leg; but it did not seem to be broken, as luck would have it, and the pain was not too great for him to put his weight on it. He hobbled painfully around to see what it was that had stopped his fall, and possibly saved his life. It proved to be a small wooden building with no windows and but a single door, above which was a battered sign:

Property of  
American Telephone and Telegraph Co.

A sudden idea struck him. He glanced upward. The slide had not destroyed the telephone posts and wires here, for they still stood, though here and there they were bent and twisted. The connections from here to the city still held! Now, if he could only carry out his idea!

It was the work of but a few minutes to break down the door, which was already badly strained. He hurriedly searched through the piles of wires and tools kept there for an emergency service. In those minutes he blessed the fate which had led him, while he was in high-school, to take a course in "The Mechanics of Telephony."

Finally he found what he wanted, a small box containing a "trouble shooter" 'phone, the article he most wanted. He hurried to one of the poles, which he managed to climb notwithstanding his injured leg.

He propped himself safely at the top and tapped the main lines. He took up the receiver and was soon connected with the city operator, who in turn put him through to the "Star" office.

Clinging to the precarious perch on the top of the telephone pole, he read from his notebook, word for word, the facts of the Gray City disaster, while, far over his head, two army 'planes carried the rival reporters toward the city, beaten before they reached there.

Days later, as he hobbled into the "Star" office, on crutches, he found the Editor waiting for him, his face completely changed from its former roughness. "Son," he said, "I'm sorry for what I said to you before. Forget it. Now, let's go out to the main office. I want to introduce the others to their new associate—Daniel Connelly—reporter."

# A Diplomatic Touchdown

J. NICHOLS, 28J



IN all countries that maintain embassies, the representatives of foreign nations are quartered in special houses or, as is sometimes the case, in areas of land given over to them. The legations, as they are called, are used as the headquarters for all the ambassadors, diplomats, attaches, military, etcetera, of the country to whom the legation belongs. It is from the legation that the consul or foreign minister acts; and, in fact, from which all official business is directed. In some cases troops are stationed at the legation for its protection, and to see that the privacy of their country's foreign home is unviolated.

The foreign legations in China are quite large, varying in size from two to ten acres. Those of Peking happen to be completely walled in, which greatly aided the American Legation football team in holding strictly private practices for their game with the British representatives.

They were a fine bunch of men, healthy Americans ranging in age from twenty to thirty years. All enlisted Marines, they had hoped for some real action in foreign countries; but the most excitement which they had yet seen had been in football.

On one afternoon a few days before the American-British game, a whistle blew for attention a few minutes after they had started to warm up. They gathered around the coach. "Fellows," he said, "our backfield is not what it should be. When it comes to 'power plays' we're just not there! We have Dunn here, who can pass like a bullet, so I'm going to give you my pet trick forward pass play. I think it's good enough to fool the 'tea drinkers' thoroughly." For the next half hour the squad went over and over the new play. After the men were absolutely sure what to do, the first team lined up against the second and the quarterback barked out the signals: "21—83—45—Hip—Hip!" The center spiraled the ball back to Halfback Dunn, who, in turn, passed it to Tackle Murphy, who had been made eligible by the ends dropping into the backfield. It was a complete success, at least against the reserves, for they were entirely deceived.

"Fine! Fine!" exclaimed the coach. "Now once more, and then you can quit."

A man came out of the legation building and called, "Hey, you! Harvey Dunn and Bill Murphy, you're wanted right after practice."

"Better go now," said the coach.

"All right, sir," they answered together, and hurried off the field.

Dunn was perhaps the more interesting figure of the two. His father had been a millionaire. He weighed less than one hundred sixty pounds, but he had been a football star at college. Just after his graduation his father had lost all his money, and had committed suicide, leaving his son penniless and an orphan. Young Dunn felt the urge for adventure, and had joined the Marines to satisfy it.

Murphy, on the other hand, was just a slow-thinking, good-natured farmer boy. His football experience had been confined to high school. He had joined the Marines



to see the world, and was being satisfied. The two had become pals, and where one was, the other was also.

As they stepped into the office of Captain Manning, the commander of the Marines in Peking, they noticed an unusual air of gravity about their superior. After returning their salute, the captain came straight to the point.

"On the six p. m. train today will be Mr. Willard Muns, a special envoy from Washington, who has been studying the Chinese situation in the interior. The Chinese know this well, and though they have made no outward and open attacks on him, they have been doing their best to hinder his operations. Muns is going straight through to the coast on the train, but must get these papers to complete his report to Washington." Captain Manning held up several sheets of thin paper, closely covered with typewriting. "It will be your task to get them to him when the train stops at the station here. That sounds easy to you, but there may be complications. The Chinese officials here know that we are trying to get the papers to Muns, and will do all in their power to stop you. We do not dare send them under a guard, or anything of that sort, as that would be a breach of our diplomatic relations. It is to be left entirely to you two. Use your wits if necessary, but try not to use force. Here are the papers. It is now five o'clock. You will walk through the city. If you succeed there will probably be promotion ahead, but we cannot blame you if you fail." The captain shook hands with both of them and turned back to his work as they left the room. Once outside, the two friends talked over the situation and finally decided to hide the documents in a football, placing them between the bladder and the cover. Although they figured that the Chinese would be looking for the unexpected, this seemed a good way to carry them.

"This is great—just what I joined the Marines for!" laughed Dunn.

"It's all right, I guess, if we don't get knifed in the back," answered the more gloomy Murphy. "Let's go a little faster. Left, right, left, right!"

They were about half way to the station, and had reached the most thickly populated part of town. They had to pick their way carefully and slowly along the narrow street. Dunn glanced back, and noticed two or three unusually powerful-looking Chinamen following them. He mentioned it to Murphy. They went on. Soon they could see that they were being followed more closely. The pungent, dirty smell of the Chinese stores bothered them, and the uncomfortable sensation of being followed irritated their nerves. Almost unconsciously they quickened their pace. This seemed to convince the pursuers that they were on the right track. As they crossed the fifth street of the eight that lay between the legation and the station, Harvey noticed out of the corner of his eye that the number of their pursuers was increasing. He glanced at his wrist watch.

"Five minutes to six! Only five minutes more, and see how far to go!" If they only dared run but that they could not do. They gritted their teeth and strode doggedly on.

As they stepped into the street at the end of the sixth 'block,' a little crowd of Chinese confronted them. The pursuers behind them closed in, and for a minute

they seemed hemmed in. But they put their heads down and shoved as if it were a scrimmage, and then began to run. "Come on, Bill, show your stuff!" Harvey exclaimed jerkily.

Someone behind them cried out a few words in Chinese. Harvey and Bill could not understand it, but crowds of Chinese were appearing from the shops. The mob pressed around them.

"Over this way!" cried Harvey, backing against a wall. He drew his gun and leveled it.

"They're not shooting," yelled Murphy above the noise of the crowd. "I guess their orders are to get the papers without hurting us."

"Just let them try it!" growled Harvey. Suddenly he jerked out the numbers—"21—83—45—Hip—Hip!" Bill caught the idea at once and ran through an opening in the crowd and ran on down the street for nearly thirty yards. The crowd was startled by this, but they had already become convinced that the important documents were in the football that Harvey was holding so carefully. Therefore, when Bill shot through the crowd they believed that he was merely trying to draw attention away from Harvey, so they let him go. They were expecting something unusual, and believed that they were meeting strategy with strategy.

A big Chinaman lunged at Dunn. He sidestepped him neatly. As three others grabbed at him, he snapped out a beautiful forward pass with the football. Bill turned just in time to catch the football, tucked it under his arm, and made a bee-line for the station. The crowd hesitated for a precious instant before following, but finally chased Bill vainly, leaving Harvey to hurry back to the Legation.

Bill entered the station just as the train was pulling out, but managed to run alongside and hand the ball to the anxious Mr. Muns, explaining that the papers were inside.

It is needless to say that the Americans beat the British team by that very same play, or that Dunn and Murphy received their well-deserved promotion.



## Fog

FRANCES CANFIELD, 28J



HAVE you ever seen the fog come rolling in over the distant hills of Marin? In huge billows of dense vapor it creeps down, over the crests into the valleys and canyons. Nothing passes untouched as it wraps itself around the earth and envelops everything in a mystical chill shroud. Have you ever seen the fog come drifting in through the Golden Gate? In thin slow misty vapors it steals into the bay. It seems that nothing can stop it, nothing keep it from going on forever, yet scarcely has it veiled the city than it begins to fade away, and slowly disappears.

Where does it come from? Where does it go? Always moving onward, never stopping, undeterred by any obstacle. . . . What is the force behind it that makes it so silent, so powerful, like the soul of the sea.

## Biography of a Mouse

A. BORGWARDT, 27J



HIS story is the life history of a mouse, a mouse who was neither better nor worse than his kind. It is a tale covering his life from the cradle to the grave. On the night of the first of November, Mr. John I. Mouse told me the following story:

"I first saw the light of day in an old, tumbled down shack in which my parents had lived practically all of their lives. They had stayed there so long, in fact, that they loved the place too much to move. I, however, got in with a richer group of mice and soon tired of the old home, and, when my parents were murdered by the cruel people who owned their home, I moved in, with a friend of mine, to an apartment house, which was no more than a year old at that time. There we had some fine times since there was plenty of room in the basement to have parties and invite all our friends. A great part of the fun lay in the raids on the pantries of the folks who lived in the house. There we obtained all kinds of delicacies, Swiss cheese, Monterey cream cheese and many others. For a long time I went around with the same crowd to different parties at different places, until I finally met my ideal mate. Her name was Suzanne L. Wrate (such a pretty name, don't you think so?). She was very small with a long, pointed tail and long, thin feet. Beautiful as these were, her greatest beauty lay in her face, which was small, with a long, pointed nose, deep set, lustrous eyes, and very large ears. Really Suzanne was the most beautiful young mouse I ever saw; in fact, she was so beautiful that she had just won the title of "Miss Mouseland" in the last beauty contest the Mouseland Pictures Company held. It was love at first sight with both of us, so after a short courtship and engagement, we were married by Doctor O. C. de Chese at the finest church in Mousedom. I was now a married man; so I found it necessary to hunt a good job to provide for my wife. Visiting my old home one day, I met a man in the provision business and, after talking with him for a while, I entered his employ as "provider." My duty was to provide for his establishment a certain quantity of the best Swiss cheese each day. As I was young and agile, I managed to do this for a long time in safety. My employer, Mr. Krafty, realizing my worth, promoted me, after a time, to the job of salesman, then to division manager and finally to the position of general manager of his largest warehouse. Soon after I reached this pinnacle of success, my luck began to turn and I lost my oldest and dearest friend. He had been captured and tortured by a cat belonging to a woman who lived in the house of my birth. The strain was too much for him and he lost first his mind and then his life. Not very long after that, I broke my left hind leg while trying to master the latest dance, the Carlborg. My wife, however, who was younger than I, soon picked up the new dance and while I was convalescing, went out with a young mouse of her own age. A quarrel started when I said that I did not like to have her out all the time with another man, especially with such a man as that young whippersnapper, Monte Ray Creme. Neither of us would give in, so we gradually drifted apart and finally were divorced. That was my second great trouble and now you are my third. I was merely walking along, minding my own

business, when what should I do but fall into your trap; and now I suppose you will execute me."

"No," I said, "I think I will set you free, if you promise me immunity from your raids." He promised, so I set him free, but so overjoyed was he that he slipped and fell into the fish pond in our back yard and was drowned before I could rescue him.



## On Walking

*(With Apologies to Thoreau)*

K. SERKLAND, 27x



MOST of us who live in large cities never experience the joys of walking. There are some who, in attempting to escape the routine of city life, enjoy walking about in neighboring groves of whatever sort are accessible to them. On first thought, these might seem to have some claim to the society of those who enjoy walking, but on a little closer examination it appears that their claims are nil. Forsooth, most of them are so far from it that if they read of "Kim," and his longing to join his beloved lama in traversing the highways and byways of India, they would wonder what had infused into him an endurance of "those dusty roads." And they, on hearing of the veteran long distance walker who recently died penniless in the East, would pity him profoundly. He needs no pity. He died happy, in the harness of his chosen vocation, walking. For the rest of us walking must be an avocation, rather than a life work.

There is a tendency at present to believe that, since the advent of all these new modes of transportation, walking will no longer be necessary. That is wrong! It will always be necessary for us to walk to maintain our health. On the contrary, these new means of locomotion ought to be considered a Heaven-sent boon that allows us ready access to new regions for exploring jaunts. Even fresh scenery is not essential, for if one loves nature (human and otherwise) and walking, even our disparaged city streets can provide pure, wholesome enjoyment. There is a pleasure in finding a stride that seems to carry one swiftly and easily past delightful scenes of new-found beauty.

The hikers one sees starting out for real walks of ten to twenty miles must have some appreciation not only for the scenery, but the sense of well-being that comes with unstrained, natural walking.

After long, hard days of unceasing work, or hectic rounds of social engagements, a hike always restores one's physical fitness, and shakes one's mind from the cobwebs that entangle it. The wise hiker always returns eager for more work and human companionship.

There are no known means of describing the true walker's emotions on feeling the cool night wind against his cheek when in the city, or on gazing at a wooded hillside from a recently conquered summit. I feel that as long as I can walk I shall be well and happy.



# The Call from Beyond

FRED SEITZ, 28X



It was in the early spring of 1918 that light infantry "K," on the edge of Argonne Wood, was assaulted by a hidden German battalion. Hour after hour gas and shrapnel were directed upon them and slowly they were forced to retreat. Then Kingsley, good old Major Kingsley, whose services had proven invaluable, was gassed. For three hours the medical corps worked on him, though the gas was forced from his lungs, the shock proved too great.

As a desperate measure, orders were given to locate the battalion within the next twenty-four hours. The first to volunteer was Richard Bradley, a quiet young man who had formerly been a spiritualistic investigator and had knowledge on that subject that the average mind could not comprehend. Arming himself with two heavy automatics he crawled over the edge of the trench and was gone. But none there expected the uncanny way in which that duty was to be completed.

Patiently they waited his return, keeping a strict watch for any sign of him, but when eighteen hours had passed they began to doubt his ever coming back. These thoughts were quickly put aside when one of the men shouted, "There he is!" Instantly a dozen heads were turned in the direction given and there was Bradley, his face a mass of blood and his left arm crushed, slowly crawling toward them.

Two men went out to aid him and while carrying him in he lapsed into unconsciousness. His lower jaw was completely shot away and the arm was horribly mangled, while bits of paper showed that he had held a note in the hand, possibly one containing the location of the battalion. "It will be a matter of minutes before he goes," the doctor said gravely. "Pieces of shrapnel that are impossible to remove are imbedded in the brain." With a groan Bradley slid beyond.

Leaving the body where it lay the men returned to duty. Then Wethers, a lank doughboy from Missouri, on glancing at it turned pale and nervously pointing gasped, "Look!" Those that followed the exclamation slowly felt their hair rising, and what they saw may have been an outcome of their over-wrought imaginations, but all agreed that from the body a luminous green mist rose, and slowly passing down the trench it disappeared in the dugout in which the body lay.

A few silent moments passed during which a seemingly malignant atmosphere descended upon that group of awe-struck soldiers. The telephone that connected the dugouts broke the silence by giving three short buzzes and one long. That signal showed that it was from the one in which Kingsley lay. Captain White nervously put the receiver to his ear and speaking into the mouthpiece said, "Head-quarters." Then a low, eerie, mechanical voice answered back, "Ger-man bat-tal-ion in cen-ter of plot C sec-tion 4."

With chill in their hearts the men crept down the trench and peered in Kingsley's dugout, and there his body, that fifteen minutes before had lain in repose, stood clutching the telephone! Who could say that the spirit of Bradley had not entered the dead but healthy body of Kingsley in order to complete his duty, for the call gave the exact location of the hidden battalion.

# Matilija

RUTH CUMMINGS, 29J



HE great golden sun sank slowly beneath the western margin of the forest, leaving only the shadow of its brilliance to welcome the oncoming night. The glorious sphere seemed more golden than ever before, embodying all the spirit of the time—the spirit of gold, the spirit of 'Forty-Nine!

An old man sat by his campfire watching the retreating sun. Slowly the shadows deepened and drew closer. Myriads of stars spangled the sky, reminding him of another such night when he, an eager youth, had waited restlessly outside the dark wall of the old mission; waiting with all the hopes and all the fears of a lover in his heart. At last she for whom he longed had slipped out of the little postern, emerging from the dark and gloomy mission into the radiant night. There was danger in it, but she was spurred on by hope, and by the news—whispered in passing by one of the Indian messengers who carried news from one mission to the next—that her father and her lover, whom she had long thought dead, lived and awaited her.

She was scarcely more than a child—small, elfin, with more dainty and delicately-cut features than were usually met with in members of her race. Her eyes were large and bright, but no less dark than the flood of black hair that fell below her waist. He had often heard her silvery voice singing above all the others in the choir, when mass was celebrated. Less often, he had seen her in the mission garden, working over the flowers with tender care.

Slowly, his unconscious admiration had grown into love. He learned her story from one of the padres. "A princess among her people," said the old priest, "but a pagan, doomed to eternal fires if we had not rescued her. Yet—so ungrateful are these people, señor, we were forced to send soldiers after the tribe, and even then many of them escaped and hid from us. She has learned rapidly, but even a holy life has not made her happy. An ungrateful people!"

That night, in the shadow of the mission walls, she whispered to him that one of her people had told her of the hiding place of her father and the remnant of their tribe. Would he help her on her way thither? Dazzled by the idea that she had turned to him in her hour of need, he agreed eagerly. The journey was long, the trails were rough and steep, but they did not feel the rocks. Each was buoyed up by happy thoughts—hers, of freedom and home; his, of her.

They were silent for many hours. Finally, as the dawn paled the stars into dullness, he spoke, told her of his love and begged her to marry him by the ceremony of her tribe. She was startled. In tremulous voice she told him that perhaps he did not quite understand—that she was betrothed to a young man of the tribe, whom she loved dearly.

They were silent again. The rest of the journey seemed longer to him than all the hours before, though the sun was not much above the tree tops when they reached the rocky valley that was her father's—and her lover's—hiding place.

She was to be married immediately. "You must stay, you must attend the wedding," said the old chief in halting Spanish. "You are the savior of my daughter."

The ancient Indian ceremony united the princess and her lover. Hand in hand they stood before the chief, and he blessed them. Then all prepared for a banquet, to furnish which all the tribe's scanty stores of luxuries were set out.

But the happiness was short-lived. A shot rang out, and a band of Spanish soldiers galloped up the trail. The princess shrieked—her new-made husband leaped to defend her and fell with a bullet through his throat—her father dropped beside him, dead before he fell. The old man, who was a young man then, sprang to her side, flung an arm around her and dragged her down, wrapping his voluminous dark cloak around them both. "Lie still!" he whispered sharply, covering her mouth with his hand.

The rest of the Indians fled to cover. The soldiers followed them, and the scene of the feast was left to its desolation. The princess had fainted. He picked her up and crept through the underbrush to a place of comparative safety. The pursuit passed on.

He laid her on a mossy bank and brought water from a brook. Presently she opened her eyes and asked feebly for her husband. Her voice was so low, she seemed so weak, that he dared not tell her the truth. "I will find him," he said. "Lie still, for his sake as well as your own." She obeyed.

A search among the dead bodies and those still half-alive showed him that of her husband, desperately wounded, but still alive. He carried him to her.

She cared for him with all the skill she knew, but in vain. They buried him in a little hollow, carpeted with wild flowers. She refused to leave the grave, and soon he laid her beside her husband. To this day, in a wild ravine of the upper Ojai valley lie the bodies of a Matilija princess and her husband, covered with a blanket of virginal white poppies, named after her.

The cry of a timber-wolf echoed in the darkness. Instinctively the old man reached for his rifle. The dream was shattered, the doors of memory shut once more.



For when the One  
Great Scorer comes  
to write against your  
name ~ He writes ~  
Not that you won or  
lost ~ but how you  
played the game.







Again has Lick-Wilmerding's football prowess gloriously asserted itself; asserted itself in the team's coming through a hard season with flying colors; asserted itself in the indomitable spirit of "won't be beaten" that has ever before and always will mark Lick teams; asserted itself in the long, grilling hours of hard practice and competition day in and day out that the men of the team have willingly, and even cheerfully, undergone to bring further renown to the Black and Gold.

Need we evidence of the loyal spirit of the team? But one instance need be mentioned to show how wonderful it is. When one is reminded how the team, after Coach Morrison's departure East, labored on for five weeks without a coach to guide them, and in spite of

all handicaps and incumbrances, became a representative Lick-Wilmerding team, which means a powerful team and a fighting team, one realizes what Lick-Wilmerding spirit means.

COACH JOHN CAIRNES.



With the opening of the Fall term, football started off with a "bang" under the guidance of a new coach, "Ram" Morrison. Things went along in fine fashion and the fellows were getting ready for their first practice game, when Mr. Morrison was called back East. At this point things did not look too well for us, and we were about to postpone the game, when our present coach, John Cairnes, arrived. He put the team back on its feet, and our season began in earnest. Although we did have Mr. Morrison for a short time, the success of the team must be credited to the wonderful coaching of Mr. Cairnes and his assistant, Frank Collins. The fellows have been playing well all season and we have high hopes of being the champions. We also should place two men on the all-star team of the city for the quality of their playing.

CAPTAIN JOHN HURLEY.



The football team this season is one of the best teams Lick has ever had. With the wonderful backing and attendance at the games that the entire Student-Body gave, the team should win the championship. The boys on the squad have been out every night to practice and have been practicing faithfully. This undoubtedly shows the wonderful Tiger spirit of the entire team.

It has been a great pleasure for me to act as manager to such a team.

MANAGER GEORGE DRAKULICH.

# Football



THE football team certainly deserves all the credit given them for going through such a successful campaign. The first five weeks of practice was the period of our greatest set-backs. During that time, we had three coaches, and Mr. Cairnes made the fourth coach in one season. The fellows overcame that big handicap, however, with the old "Tiger Spirit" and co-operation, and the results speak for themselves.

Bang! We started the first game like a steam-roller. The first practice game was with San Mateo High, and the score was Lick 13, San Mateo 0. This was one of the hardest games scheduled, and the fellows certainly rose to the occasion. The first quarter of the game was all ours, the second quarter even; in the third quarter San Mateo seemed to have their own way, although they did not score, and the fourth quarter was again a toss up. "Nifty" Steel was the star of the game.

For the next practice game we traveled down to Palo Alto. Here again the steam roller got under way and trampled the "Paly" bunch in the dust 7 to 0. "In the dust" is correct, for it was a dirt field and a hot day. Neither team looked very brilliant in this contest due to these two handicaps. The score was made by Peavy, who intercepted a forward pass and raced fifty-five yards for a touchdown. John Hurley converted for the extra point.

The third practice game was again played down the Peninsula. This time the game was with Sequoia and the final score was 12-0 in our favor. With several first string positions filled with "subs," the team did very well to win. Peavy and Fedeli were the boys who packed the ball across the goal line. The game was a very even contest in the last three quarters, but all ours in the first period. The only misfortune was the injury to John Howard.

On October 8, our first league game was played with Commerce. This was our first step toward paving the way to the top. The score was 29-3, and as the score indicates, Lick outplayed Commerce the whole time except for the first ten minutes of the game. The fellows soon "found" themselves, however, and they began making their big gains. The line made the holes and the backfield all played a good game, with Lausten and Peavy the outstanding yard gainers, while on the line there were no outstanding players because every fellow was in there fighting like a demon.

The next game with Galileo was a hard fought game as predicted, although the score, 27-0, indicates that we had a "snap" of it. Our fellows were determined to win, and as Galileo felt the same way, the result was that the game was featured throughout by two hard fighting football teams. The victory of the game can be attributed to the seven linesmen. Probably never before has a high school line shown such power both on the offense and the defense as they did in the game, and especially when they held Galileo on the one-foot line on two different occasions. The first touchdown was made by "Scotchy" McKay from a fumbled Galileo ball. The next touchdown was made by Peavy on an end run. This was made possible, however,

*Continued on page 63*



"WHITIE" LAUSTEN—Quarterback  
Besides being a triple-threat man, "Whitie" has proven himself the best quarterback in the A. A. A.

"TAD" JOHNSON—Tackle  
"Tad" has made himself conspicuous by his wonderful ability to "fight" under all circumstances.

"IRON MAN" HURLEY—Fullback  
George played such a smashing game at tackle that he was moved to "full" to add driving power to the backfield.

"FAT" DONOVAN—Center  
With the progression of the season, John has added more and more to his ability to hold down the pivot position.

"JOHNNY" HOWARD—Halfback  
"Johnny" has run such splendid interference all season that he has very seldom been called upon to tote the pigskin.

"SPIKE" HAAS—Halfback  
The diminutive red-head can always be relied upon to make desired yardage when needed.

"SCOTCHY" MCKAY—Guard  
"Scotchy" has not been stingy with the giving of liberal punishment to all the opposition that he has encountered.



"NORBY" CURRIE—End

*Norman, with unknown qualities at the beginning of the season, has finished as an outstanding figure of the team.*

"NIFTY" STEEL—End

*"Nifty," the fastest man on the squad, always gives everyone but the opposition a thrill when he gets away in a broken field.*

"TED" DANIEL—Tackle

*Ted has certainly made a name for himself although it is only his first year on the squad.*

"DUB" DUBKOFF—Halfback

*As a safety man, George cannot be outclassed and his ability to run back punts is a revelation.*

"NICK" FEDELI—Guard

*"Nick" plays a steady game and can always be relied upon to open up holes and to break up opposing plays.*

"PHIL" DAVER—Halfback

*"Phil" is only a small man, but he has brought gasps of astonishment to the crowds by his hard tackling.*

"OLLIE" PEAVY—Fullback

*Oliver is a brilliant defensive man, and has made quite a reputation by his open-field running.*







## The Squad

It's only the squad, the fellows that seemingly don't mean anything; the fellows that come out night after night, take the knocks and jars, give all they have all the time, just to make the first team a success. These unrecognized ones hardly ever get in a game and very rarely receive credit for a single thing. They are the ones that have made football and our present success possible—but still they're only the squad.

In speaking of the squad, the name of Frank Collins always comes to mind. Mr. Collins is the assistant to Mr. Cairnes, and he has done much to put the first team into shape by devoting himself to coaching the second and third teams. His help has been invaluable to the squad.

Here are the "heroes of the bench":

P. Baader  
D. Thompson  
E. Cope  
J. Peterson  
R. Temby  
S. Slepnikoff  
E. Haynes.  
J. Ashbaugh  
D. Fedeli

N. Kubicek  
R. Wise  
R. Spear  
K. Sonne  
E. Garavatti  
H. Nichols  
T. McGowan  
P. Santina  
E. Jones

J. Macdonald

## Football~ *Continued from page 59*

by George Hurley's blocking a punt and Steel's recovering on their five-yard line. In the second half, George Hurley knocked the ball out of a Galileo passer's hand, recovered, and ran forty yards to a third touchdown. In the last quarter, our final tally was made from a touchdown by "Whitey" Lausten, who intercepted a pass in the middle of the field. Lausten drop kicked successfully three out of the four extra try points, thus making the score 27-0.

Whether it was because the fellows were told how good they were at the Alumni night rally or because it happened to be an off day, no one knows, but the team did not look very good on the day they played Lowell—and this was due not to lack of fight or lack of spirit of any one of the eleven men out on the field, but to a certain extent, to the lack of co-ordination and concentrated team work. In consideration of several good gains, the fifty-yard run by Lausten was the feature of the day. George Hurley on the line shared the few honors of the day by playing his usual "all star" game. During all four quarters, the battle was quite an even contest, and we lost the game only because of a fumble—something that will happen in football, even with the best of teams—in the last minute of play that resulted in a touchdown for Lowell.

When you look over the football records for past years, you will notice that nearly every season some game was lost even though the team won the championship. The only explanation of this is that the fellows need something to jerk them up, for a team cannot keep on winning game after game without getting over-confident or without losing interest. So after all, maybe we are indebted to Lowell for the success that followed.

The next A. A. A. game was played against Sacred Heart. Even with the defeat by Lowell still clearly in mind, the team certainly put on a poor exhibition of football in the first half. One excuse for this is that "Whitey" Lausten was hurt in the beginning of the game, and his loss disheartened the rest of the players. In this half everything was Sacred Heart's, including a touchdown. But in the second half things were turned around even to a greater degree, because we scored three touchdowns in the thirty minutes of play. From the first play of the second half to the end of the game, we made a continual march down the field to beat Sacred Heart. Dubkoff made our first touchdown from a criss-cross. The next six-point achievement was performed by Lausten, who bucked the ball over the line. In the fourth quarter Captain John Hurley caught a pass and ran to a touchdown after brilliant open-field running. One important factor that made these scores possible was the wonderful work done by George Hurley, who was changed to the backfield. He and Dubkoff made yard after yard from reverse and fake reverse plays. Lausten made one of the drop kicks good after the touchdowns. When the game ended Lick was leading the score, 19-6.

A game that meant either we were out of the championship race entirely or were still in the running was brought to a termination on November 6, when we played Polytechnic. Because no one was in a losing state of mind, we "paved"



another victory in the big race by winning 20-0. A very successful varied attack was used: that of passing, running the ends, bucking the line, and punting. In the first quarter the playing was about an even match, but after that there was not much doubt as to the winner of the game. Right away in the second quarter we started our march toward Poly's goal. A thirty-yard pass from Lausten to John Hurley accounted for our first touchdown. The end of the second quarter stopped another touchdown march for us. However, in the third quarter we came back in the same winning form and proceeded to score a second touchdown. George Hurley completed another one of Lausten's passes and ran fifteen yards across the line. Twice more we worked our way down near Poly's goal line. The first march continued across the line and counted for six more points. George Hurley also accounted for this third touchdown by a plunge off tackle. Our second march was halted when we held them for downs near their goal line. Even though the Hurleys made all three touchdowns, "Whitey" Lausten can be placed alongside of them—for he punted, passed, ran the team, and carried the ball with wonderful perfection. George Hurley did the converting.

On the next Friday the beauty aspirants were led out for their mud baths, when we played St. Ignatius. By winning the game 14-6 on a field of mud, it did not altogether mean that the "breaks" were ours, or that we slid farther than the St. Ignatius bunch; but also that we played better football than they did. George Hurley started the game with a thrill when he ran sixty yards in the first play—almost to a touchdown. However, we were held for downs and so lost the ball, but deep in their territory. Our first touchdown soon followed this. Donovan broke through to block a punt, and then after several attempts by both sides to recover

the ball, "Scotchy" McKay succeeded and ran to a touchdown. Once again in the first half we worked our way down to their goal line, and then once again were held for downs. Line plunging on such a field was impossible, so we resorted to wide end runs from punt formation. At the beginning of the fourth quarter "Whitey" Lausten carried the ball across the white line for our second touchdown. Not only did he carry the ball just that once to make the six points, but throughout the whole game he was consistently making yards from end runs. George Hurley place-kicked both the extra points—making our fourteen points. The only score after this came in the last minute of play, when St. Ignatius completed a pass at a time when we had nearly all our substitutes in the game. Dubkoff certainly proved himself a mud football hero by the wonderful way he ran back the punts.

At last our final scheduled league game has been played and has been won. The win over Mission by a score of 32 to 6 placed us in the position to play in the championship games. The second team started and finished the game, playing nearly a half altogether; and their fine work was certainly a revelation. In the first quarter the sides were about evenly matched; and consequently there were no scores. In the second quarter, after "substituting" our first team, things looked different. Immediately they began to work the ball down the field, and they soon scored by a thirty-yard pass from Lausten to Steel. A few minutes later Mission intercepted a pass and scored a touchdown. Throughout the second half Lick was far superior to Mission, which is shown by the fact that we scored two touchdowns in each of the following two periods. George Hurley made our second six points, "Whitey" Lausten our third, and George Hurley the following two. Captain John Hurley at end made possible several of these scorings by his marked ability at "hanging on" to Lausten's passes. The offense, however, is not everything in football, because a good defense is as highly important. So when our defense in this game is considered, "Scotchy" McKay, Donovan and "Nick" Fedeli have to be mentioned for their outstanding work of breaking up Mission's plays. This was really "substitute day" for it was the first league game that the entire squad was sent into action.

*By defeating Galileo 7-0, Lick-Wilmerding is again the city champion. Phil Dayer scored the lone touchdown on a 65-yard run. All hail to the 1926 A. A. A. champions!*

## THE END







## Basketball

The "fight" of a team is not always recorded by the final score of a game. This applies, without exception, to the "hundreds." They have fought in their games with all they had. After many weeks of practice the team played its first game with Horace Mann Junior High, and lost, 12 to 5. In the second practice game they showed their true ability and defeated Jackson Park by a score of 16 to 11. In their first A. A. A. game they were defeated by Poly, a larger team, by a score of 22 to 10.

The team is made up of a group of future stars. E. Cudworth, the captain, holds down center as a veteran should. The point-getters are G. Lahusen and F. Hazlewood. J. Cudworth and R. Hundley are the two guards. These two, alternating with Keldsen, guard the goal like eagles.

### 110's

The "tens" are made up of a few veterans of last year's "hundreds." The team is light, but makes up by their team work. The first practice game, with St. Ignatius, ended in a defeat by a score of 28 to 18. The team fought hard and played well together. In the first A. A. A. game we were defeated by Poly, the score being 33 to 8. Though we lost, Poly knows that they played with a Lick-Wilmerding team!

The team is captained by D. Keating, who plays center. J. Nichols and F. Reilly are the forwards. M. Sherbakoff, smallest fellow on the team, plays guard assisted by E. McCormack, the other guard. Coburn, Williams, Kelly, and Benn are able substitutes and help round out the team.

### 120's

The "twenties" are a snappy bunch. They have an experienced squad that works well together. By showing their strength they defeated St. Ignatius, in a practice game, by a score of 21 to 10. In their first A. A. A. game they were defeated by Poly after a hard battle by a score of 31 to 12.

B. Grillo, center, is captain of the team. L. Maffei is considered one of the best forwards in the league. McLachlan is Maffei's able team mate, playing the other forward position. R. Queirolo, a new guard, plays an excellent floor game. J. Skinner, manager of the teams, is the other guard. C. Patterson, J. Biale and R. Black are capable men to enter the game when called upon.

The teams wish to thank Mr. Stacey, a former graduate of Lick, for his excellent coaching and supervision of the teams.



Dear Patsy :

Have you heard of the "super-glorious" results of the Lux Basketball season? Why, you can't imagine the remarkable interest shown by the girls for this sport. Never a day passed but the court was filled with enthusiastic basketball stars, all practicing and looking forward to the day when their teams would bring home victory. After a series of practice games and days of aching bones, the elimination games began.

The first game of the season was a fast and furious contest in which the 27x's defeated the 28J's. Then "lo and behold!" Surprise followed surprise in the succeeding games. The 29JA's fell before the 29JB's; the 30JA's upset the ambitions of the 30JB's and the 29x's; the 28x's conquered the 29JB's; the 27J's triumphed over the 26x's; the 27x's downed the 30JA's. And Patsy, I wish you could have seen those teams play! They had more enthusiasm, pep and fight in them than our own football heroes. Then came the greatest contest of the season: between the 27J's and the 27x's for the championship. The passes, splendid teamwork, and perfect goal throws gave the victory to the 27x's.

You know, Pat, that every team has a coach, every novel a heroine, and every fairy tale a magician. If you would like to meet someone combining all three, then drop in and see—Miss Carroll, our gym teacher.

I won't expect an answer as I will see you at Lux very soon. Until then, au revoir.

Lovingly yours, BETTY.

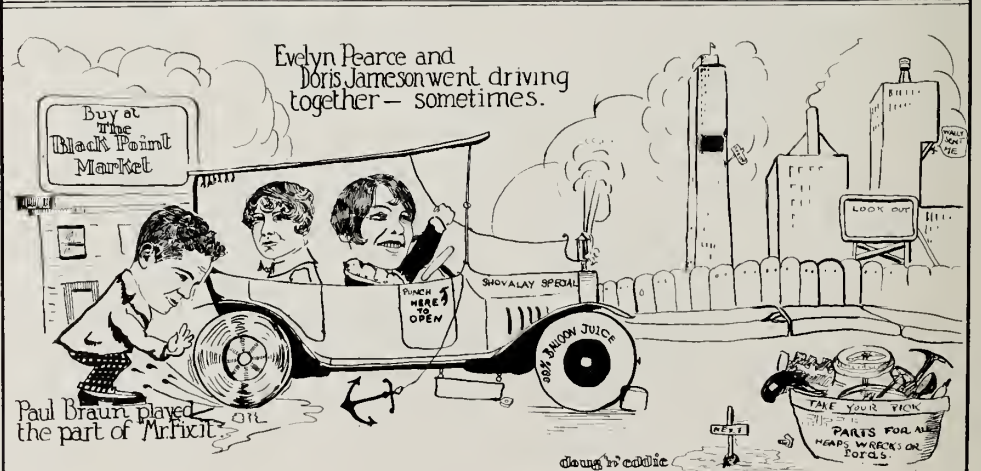
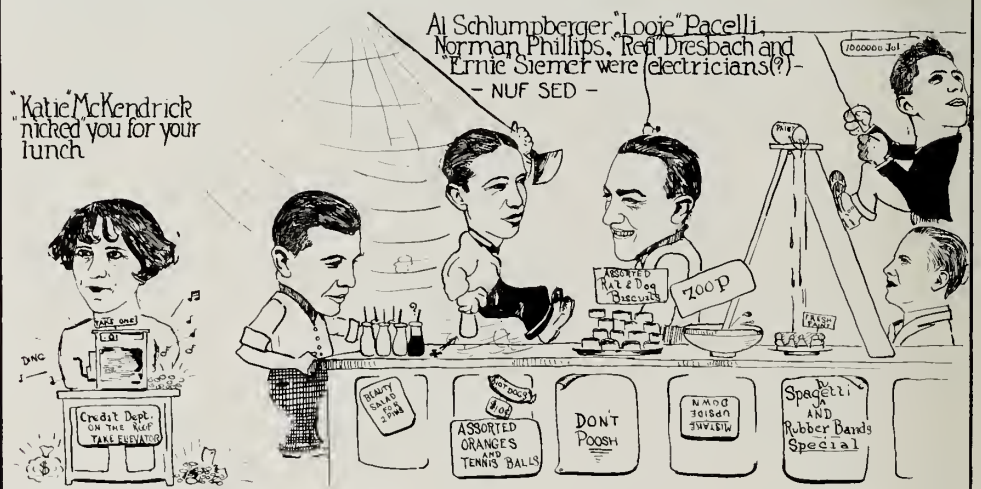
P. S. Oh, yes, here is a list of class basketball captains: Wilna Sprague, 26x; Esther Kelly, 27J; Carol Berg, 27x; "Bud" DeHay, 28J; Frances Lewis, 28x; Anna Grasso, Alice Newman, 29J; Elsie Pacher, 29x; Grace Gray, Hildegard Thorup, 30J.

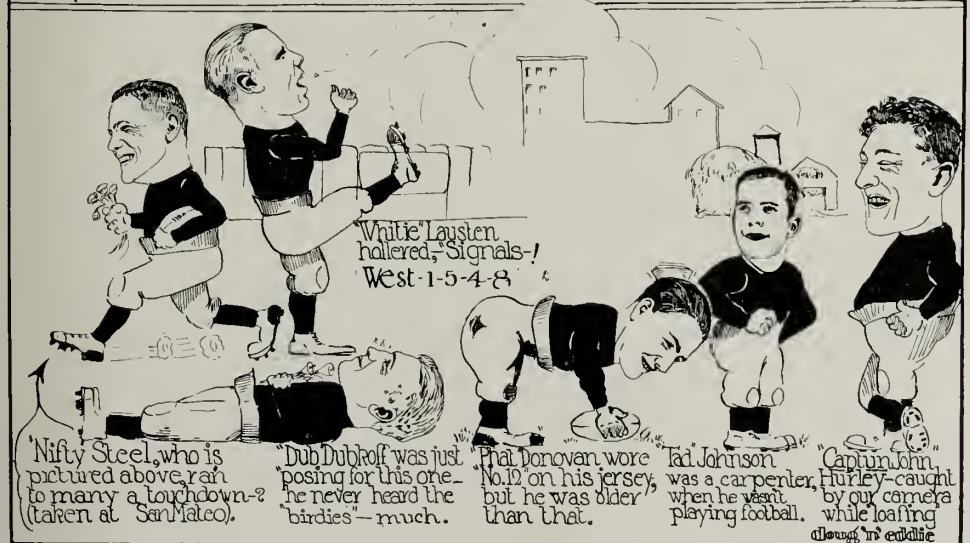
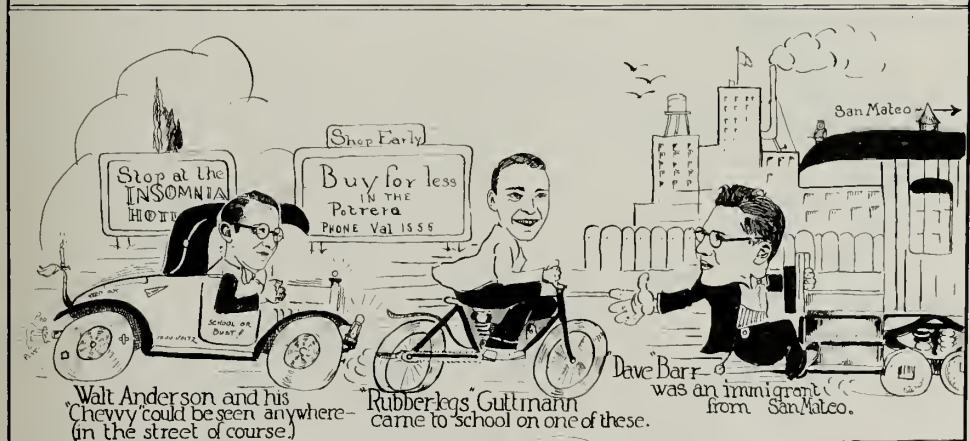






# Do you remember when —





# Do you remember when

Mary Baker, Marian Rich,  
and Elsie Norton made  
hats and hats and hats.



## Famous Hats

Felt —	High —
Green —	Exotic —
Down by —	Shawl —
Stetson —	band —
Straw —	Hold your —
Rack —	Pass the —
Tin —	Silk —
Inchel —	eCoat —
In You —	Plug —



Joe Muller tried to  
reach a high note.

Clarice Buhman and Vera Hockett  
were the mainstays of any Glee Club,  
drama, opera or what have you.

Helen Boley and Norma Matti  
wanted to be nurses  
and so —



Ray Frey was suffering  
from a severe case of  
"radio-mania".



Georgie McInerney was  
the Historian and said,  
"That's one more for the  
Book".

Gene Sullivan got  
plenty of training  
for the Fire Dept.  
*Don't be a dillie*





Jo Smith and Mary Hopkins studied art — but not for Art's sake, however.

Jake Reilly was the "Big Noise of the Car" — no, he's not a Greek.

Wilma Sprague would make a new coat each week.



Frances Horgan, Georgette Keating, and Helen Mann "went around together."



The only time you could hear Jennie Stansky was when she batted 'em out on the piano.



Genevieve Hill and Anna Miller could read this many books and never show any ill effects.



Edith Merwin's hobby was sewing.

Illustrations by Edith Merwin



# Jokes

## Heard in English

Miss Boeke: "'Bathe and refresh your soul', Johnson."

Johnson: "Er— Oh! Where?"

\* \* \*

Mr. Guttman to his son, Martin: "Just think, Abraham Lincoln was already working hard at your age."

Martin: "Never mind, pop, he was President at yours."

\* \* \*

"Ham" Legnitto: "Do you know Rudy the butcher boy? Well, he just dropped sixty feet!"

"Heinie" Greenwood: "Sixty feet! Did it kill him?"

"Ham": "No, they were pig's feet!"

\* \* \*

Miss Boeke: "Braun, give me a sentence using the word 'potato.'"

Braun: "I got a potato clock this morning."

\* \* \*

Mr. Britton: "Seimer, where's your pen?"

Seimer: "I ain't got none."

Mr. Britton: "Seimer, where is your grammar?"

Seimer: "Home with grandpa, I guess."

\* \* \*

Mrs. Woodland: "Philips, what is a myth?"

"A myth," lisped Norm., "Isth a woman that hath not got any hush-band."

\* \* \*

Miss Boulware: "Use the word 'boycott' in a sentence, Lange."

"Monk" Lange: "It rained that night and the boy caught an awful cold."

Cop: "Hey you! This is a one-way street."

Wally: "Well, I'm only going one way."

\* \* \*

Louie Pacelli: "Pray, jester, what is a knight of the royal garter?"

"Nifty" Steel: "A loyal supporter, my lord."

\* \* \*

Ray Frey: "Hey! Jim, there's a fly in my ice cream!"

Jim Pappas: "Let him freeze and teach him a lesson."

\* \* \*

Lastrucci: "Len, do you play the piano by ear or by note?"

"Len": "I get it down and play it by brute strength."

\* \* \*

John Donovan: "Don't you think your overcoat is rather loud, 'Drack'?"

"Drack" Drakulich: "Not when I put on my muffler."

\* \* \*

John Hurley: "See this stickpin?"

Schlumberger: "Yes."

John: "It once belonged to a millionaire."

Schlumberger: "Who?"

John: "Woolworth."

\* \* \*

George McNerney: "What is the tense of this sentence: 'I am handsome'?"

Vera H.: "Pretense."

\* \* \*

Louie Pacelli: "Do you sleep with your windows open, Norm?"

"Norm" Phillips: "No, only my mouth."

# Jokes

Seimer: "Listen, Paul, now I ask you for the last time for that ten spot you owe me."

Paul Braun: "Thank 'eaven! That's the end of a silly question."

\* \* \*

"Rudy" Schmidt: "Hello, Martin, are you using your car this afternoon?"

Guttman: "Yes, I'm afraid I am."

"Rudy": "Fine, then you won't need your tennis racquet; mine's broken."

\* \* \*

"Dave" Barr: "Look, Red, I weigh three pounds more than you do."

"Red" Dresback: "Aw, you're cheating! You've got your hands in your pockets."

\* \* \*

Mary Hopkins: "Are you a trained nurse?"

Frances Shepard: "Yes."

Mary Hopkins: "Well, let's see some of your tricks."

\* \* \*

Doris: "I've been told that the expression on a girl's face shows how her partner dances."

"Heinie" Greenhood: "Won't you please quit frowning?"

\* \* \*

## Heard in Civics

Mrs. Woodland: "What is a biped, Lausten?"

"Whitie" (coming out of a dream): "A two-wheel velocipede." (General uproar.)

\* \* \*

George Dubkoff: "Do you sleep on the flat of your back?"

Gene Sullivan: "No, on the back of my flat."

Mr. Britton: "And so we find that heat expands things, and cold contracts them. Can anyone give me an example of this?"

"Jake" Reilly: "Yes, sir. The days are longer in summer."

\* \* \*

Mr. Tibbetts: "Mumble a sentence with 'velvet' in it."

"Rudy" Schmidt: "Oi, it's you, Isadore. Velvet you vant?"

\* \* \*

Helen: "What is the plural of mouse?"

"Legs" Legnitto: "Rats."

\* \* \*

Thelma: "You need grammar as you need daily bread."

"Tad": "Yes, but you see I'm dieting."

\* \* \*

"Monk" Lange: "What are you thinking about?"

"Kid" Anderson: "Thanks for the compliment."

*Below this sod lies Ernie Seimer.  
He kissed his girl and her father  
seen her.*

Traffic Cop: "What's your name?"

"Nifty" Steel: "It's on the side of me wagon."

T. C. (trying to read name): "It's obliterated."

"Nifty": "Yer a liar. It's Steel."

\* \* \*

"Jake" Riley: "Why don't you drown your sorrow, old man?"

"Long" John: "Aw, she can swim."

# Jokes

## THE BIG GAME

It was baseball season. The game opened with "Glue" at the stick and "Measles" catching. "Cigar" was in the box, "Shortcake" played short and "Corn" was in the field. "Cabbage" was a manager because he was a good head. "Egg" was umpire and he was bad. "Song" made a hit and "Sawdust" filled the bases. Then "Soap" cleaned up. "Cigar" went out and "Balloon" started to pitch, but she soon went up in the air. "Ice" went in and kept cool until he was hit by the ball and then you should have heard "Ice Cream." "Lunatic" was put out because he was off his base. "Lightning" finished the game by striking six men out. "Bread" loafed at first and "Light" was put out at third. "Crooks" stole second and "Knife" was cut down at the plate. "Grass" covered lots of ground and the crowd cheered as "Spider" caught a fly. "Steak" was put out at the plate. "Clock" wound up the game by striking. If "Door" had pitched, he would have shut them all out.

\* \* \*

Slippery ice very thin;  
Pretty girl tumbled in;  
Saw a boy on a bank;  
Gave a shriek, then she sank;  
Boy on bank heard her shout;  
Jumped right in, helped her out;  
Now he's hers—very nice;  
But—she had to break the ice.

\* \* \*

A college graduate is one that can count up to twenty without taking off his shoes.

## OLD TINSIDES

WETZEL AND SERKLAND  
27x Class Poets

Ay, tear her battered fenders off!  
Long have they waved in vain,  
And many an ear has deafened been  
As the tires burst in twain.  
Beneath them rolled the dusty road  
As they spurned the rocky bumps;  
The meteor of the highway broad  
Is headed for the dumps.

Her sides, once bright with new-spread  
paint,  
Where clung the frightened kids,  
While all were hurrying from the street  
To 'scape the flivver's skids,—  
No one shall know how well it looked,  
Or how its engine ran;  
For the junkers of the state shall take  
The Pride of Tanforan.

\* \* \*

Donovan: "I'm working with five thousand men under me."

Frey: "Where?"

John: "Mowing lawns in a cemetery."

\* \* \*

It always makes me laugh,  
So wonderful a treat,  
To see an athlete run a mile  
And only move two feet!

\* \* \*

Schlumpberger: "What was the highest mountain in the world before the Alps were discovered?"

Lastrucci: "The Alps, of course."

## Jokes

"Jake": "I have my working shirt on."

Elsie: "How's that?"

"Jake": "It keeps working out of my belt."

\* \* \*

Elsie: "Tell me, what does a Christmas tree stand for?"

Clarice: "Well, it would look rather silly lying down."

\* \* \*

NATURALLY.—A village library was recently burned to the ground. The smoke, of course, issued in volumes.

\* \* \*

Johnny: "You the 'stallment man?"  
S. M.: "Yes."

Johnny: "Well, Mom sent me to stall you off again."

\* \* \*

She: "I have a picture of you right in my mind."

He: "How small you make me feel."

\* \* \*

Archie: "I'm going to marry a pretty girl and a good cook."

Rosie: "You can't. That's bigamy."

She: "Tomorrow is my birthday."

He: "Are you giving a party?"

She: "Yes, and a birthday cake with candles on it for every year of my life."

He: "Aren't you afraid your guests will be overcome with the heat."

\* \* \*

Said Jenny to her mother one day:  
"Do men ever go to Heaven? I never see any pictures of angels with whiskers."

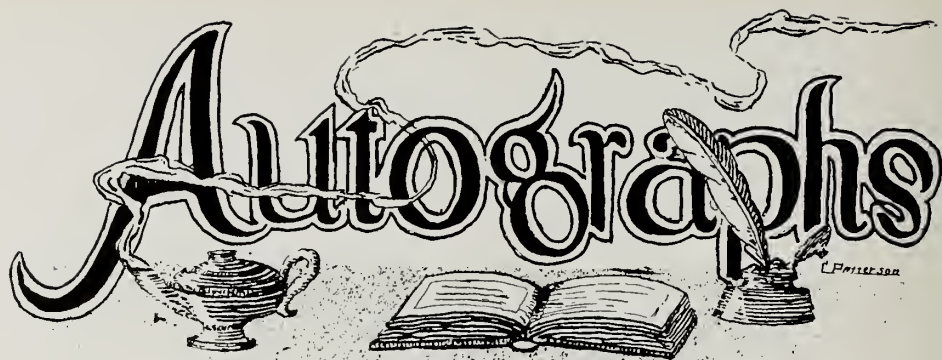
"Well," said her mother thoughtfully, "Some men do go to Heaven, but they get there by a close shave."

\* \* \*

Soldiers live on hash and beans,  
Sailors live on ships;  
Workers live on what they earn,  
Waiters live on tips.  
Old men live on borrowed time,  
Old maids live on tea;  
Then there are my relatives,  
They all live on me.







# AUTOGRAPHS





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